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### THE AGE OF LIGHT.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter  
morn!  
Onward come the ages of a higher freedom  
born!  
Flashes break the dawning, and its mantling  
light appears,  
Breaking o'er the fetters and the slavery of  
years.

Lo! the light comes upon the ancient  
world of war,  
Glorious gleaming on the streaming of the  
warrior's steel no more.

Hark! the ringing water in the cheerful under-  
wood  
Sings out its pleasure in a rapturous solitude;  
Sings out its joyous bird: "The spoiler's  
lips are dumb;  
The sons of War have vanished, and the reign  
of Peace has come."

Darkness yields his old dominion, and the  
throne of ancient Night  
Shall rule the world no longer, for, behold —  
the Age of Light!

Happy, 'mid the ages, are the nations that  
they live!  
Happy is the heritage their children shall re-  
ceive!

The captive sits no longer in his dungeon in  
the dark,  
He hears the rush of waters and the singing  
of the lark;  
And the darkness doors stand open where  
the sunset is unrolled.

While his gates with amber flooded seem  
like bars of burnish'd gold,  
And an angel stands transfigured in the iron  
entrance way,  
And the hoary patriarch catch glory from the  
coming of that day.

Yet the dawning brightens, and a wider splen-  
dor flows:  
O'er the crimson hills of cloudland now a  
flaming herald goes:

The glowing soul of Nature — he a prophecy  
reveals:  
His priest — the poet — hears it, and in song  
the promise seals:  
While the noble joy is floating in the spirit in  
his eyes,  
That rushes in the river and warbles in the  
skies.

Deep in the morass crouches no more the  
weary slave,  
Nor slinks 'mid plumy cotton, nor upon the  
drifting ways:  
And dreaming of his freedom in the forests  
far away,  
No more he starts and shudders at the hound's  
pursuing bay:

With the wild deer and the eagle he hath joy  
of liberty,  
Where the winds upon the mountains have  
been forever free.

O joy! the Day-spring cometh! Oh, the shadows  
have been long  
Since that ancient dawning-time and morn-  
ing-side of song!  
But the hills have light and music — awake,  
my heart! Behold  
The dancing youthful Hesper, and the knight  
with spears of gold, —  
Errant who shall in the love of man be bold.  
Oh, the long, long years — we hail them, and  
the brightening ages long,  
Of Beauty in her whiteness and of Virtue  
brave and strong;  
Of the mighty Christ, whose bleeding heart  
shed love more holy-sweet  
And costly than the ornament that brought  
incense to His feet.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter  
morn!  
Onward roll the ages of a higher freedom  
born!

Freedom, that shall demonstrate a universal  
right,  
Wisdom, that shall sway the world with a  
divine delight.

It is coming! It is coming! Heaves the con-  
quering orb in sight!  
The valleys lie in shadows, but the mountain-  
tops are bright!

Darkness yields his old dominion, and the  
throne of ancient Night  
Shall rule the world no longer, for, behold —  
the Age of Light!

### CONVERTED AT CAMP-MEETING.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

The heavenly fire that blazed  
on Methodist altars has not died out.  
We find it in our homes, in our  
churches, and at our camp-meetings.

True, some exceptions there may be,  
and equally true it is that there have  
always been exceptions. But it is  
to be noticed that the Gospel is  
preached at our camp-meetings of the  
present day with the power and fer-  
vency of former times. The distinc-  
tive doctrines of Methodism are not  
obsolete, nor obsolescent, if we may  
judge by what we have heard during  
so recent a period as the present ses-  
sion. Restless and unsatisfied souls,  
floating about in stormy theological  
seas, are not the men who put in  
solid work at camp-meetings. The  
preaching, for the most part, is by

men with well-defined and settled  
convictions on the great doctrines of  
sin and salvation. They have known  
sin; they know the remedy; and to  
such preachers and preaching the un-  
saved who go to camp-meetings must  
listen — if they listen at all.

The result of the labors of our  
camp-meetings are seen in the conver-  
sions, in New England alone, of hun-  
dreds, if not thousands, the present  
summer. The eyes of some of these  
converts will fall upon these lines;  
they are written with the earnest  
hope and prayer that they may be  
blessed to the encouragement and  
strengthening of all who may peruse  
them.

In such an age as this in which we  
live, it is not an easy thing to turn  
away from all the allurements of  
time and sense and enter the ranks of  
the followers of the Lord Jesus  
Christ. You remember in olden  
times it was the dungeon, the fagot,  
the scaffold, that tried the faith and  
courage of the people of God. To-  
day it is the sneer, the contempt, the  
scoff of the skeptic, the hater of the  
Bible, and the proud and vile. The  
young person who proposes to lead a  
religious life will find that the world-  
ly spirit which meets him every day  
is in direct and positive antagonism  
to the work of grace commenced in  
his heart. He will find, moreover,  
that the allurements and enticements  
of pleasure are pressed upon his at-  
tention with special vigor and intensity.  
There will be presented the most  
pleasing and plausible reasons for  
self-indulgence, and old enjoyments,  
and old associations. There will be  
a persistent effort to obliterate the  
line of demarcation which separates  
the vain, frivolous, and sinful plea-  
sures of the thoughtless and wicked  
from the pure, simple and reasonable  
recreations fit for Christian people.

There are just some things the  
convert may do, must do, in all these  
emergent hours which will test his  
faith — yes, his very soul, as he has  
never dreamed. He must learn to  
reckon himself dead to sin and alive  
to God. He must learn how to say,  
"no" to every temptation, come  
from whatever source it may. He  
must learn to turn with all his heart  
from everything that is sinful, from  
everything that has even the appear-  
ance of evil. He must learn the art  
of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and cross-  
bearing. He must learn to keep his  
body under the strictest subjection,  
and insist upon it that the soul shall  
dominate. Then he must learn to  
keep himself actively employed in the  
service of God. Every hour must  
have some duty. Even the common  
toil of daily life must be consecrated  
to God. Whether he eats or drinks, or  
whatever he does, it must be done as  
unto God. His associations must be  
with Christian people. Neglect of  
this has been the cause of much back-  
sliding. He must read with diligence  
and prayer the Holy Bible. Here is  
the secret of growth and healthy zeal,  
as well as intelligent piety and indef-  
eatable integrity. Let the convert study  
the Bible. But if he would have  
power with man and God, he must  
continue in prayer. If he be fully  
saved — and no real convert ought to  
rest satisfied until he finds the com-  
plete riches of faith, until he has the  
witness of the Spirit to the fact of his  
adoption, until he realizes in his own  
soul the baptism of the Holy Ghost  
and of fire — then he may find in the  
exercise of prayer such manifestations  
of God's mercy and love, such income  
of grace and faith, such victory over  
sin and temptation, such bestowment  
of blessings upon others, as shall  
make him a prince and a conqueror,  
a helper of the weak, a chosen vessel  
of salvation, a swift, strong messenger  
of mercy that God will send on  
errands of salvation to those who sit  
in the darkness of nature's night.

Oh, that all camp-meeting converts  
and all others would make a full sur-  
render of themselves to God, and  
then make it their one great, con-  
stant, earnest business to serve Him  
with the whole heart!

### TWO DEAD MARCHES FROM THE ARCTIC.

BY REV. DAVID W. CLARK.

The early part of the present year  
witnessed an extraordinary funeral.  
Eleven caskets with their mortal con-  
tents were brought under naval es-  
cort, ten thousand miles, out of the

Arctic into the Temperate through  
many kingdoms and across the sea.  
It was imagined that such a dead  
march would long be without a par-  
allel. A half year, however, suffices  
to produce a similar spectacle.

The crew of the "Jeannette" num-  
bered thirty-three. Twenty perished,  
including the commander and three  
officers. Six voyages were made for  
the rescue of the wrecked crew. Four  
years and seven months elapsed be-  
tween the sailing of the expedition  
and the return of the bodies of the  
victims. The U. S. Arctic colony in  
Lady Franklin Bay numbered twenty-  
five. It spent three years at its post.  
One unsuccessful expedition was made  
for its relief. Nineteen perished, in-  
cluding two officers. Twelve bodies  
have been brought home for inter-  
ment.

The muffled drums of this second  
dead march will certainly evoke an  
imperative "Cui bono?" Ought  
not these terrible disasters to cure  
this "itching after the pole," and  
prove an antidote to the sentiment of  
a "residence in the thrilling region of  
thick-ribbed ice?" Might not Capt.  
Nares' celebrated and laconic dispatch,  
"Pole impracticable," be widened to  
cover all Arctic exploration?

The mean must be struck, however,  
between a rash enthusiasm for exploit  
in high latitudes and a sweeping de-  
nunciation of it. These sad disasters  
following each other in such quick  
succession incline us to think that the  
cost in human life is excessive. The  
loss of life in the second instance,  
however, should be charged up to the  
criminal negligence of the relief ex-  
pedition rather than to the peril of the  
latitude. Baron Nordenskiöld affirms  
that the death-rate among Arctic ex-  
plorers is not great proportionately.  
Probably not more than one hundred  
and fifty lives have been lost during  
the century, which is not a high per-  
centage of the whole number who have  
gone to the Arctic.

While the loss is not to be exag-  
gerated, the profit ought to be fairly  
estimated. The tyro in science  
knows that the high latitudes must  
furnish most favorable points for  
scientific observation. The Arctic is  
the sanctum of nature, uninhabited by  
the dust and vapor of civilization,  
untouched by man. In this sanctum  
some problems that have hitherto  
baffled the scientist are undoubtedly  
to have a solution. Out of this sealed  
store-house are to be brought the phe-  
nomena which reticulating with oth-  
ers will give us perfect sciences.

The present contributions are not  
inconsiderable; as, for example, to  
meteorology in the discovery of the  
pole of cold, the magnetic pole, iso-  
thermal lines and cosmic dust. Eth-  
nography, hydrography, geography,  
geology, zoology, botany, each has  
been enriched. The fossil plants, the  
Noah's wood, the metalliferous dust,  
the frozen elephants, are not mere  
novelties of exploration, but phenom-  
ena destined to overturn the scientific  
systems which ignore the Arctic and  
do not take the whole world as a  
basis.

All lament the suffering and un-  
timely deaths, but in view of the facts  
let no one say, "Cui bono?" Ex-  
ploration in high latitudes will go on  
— with decreasing loss, let us hope,  
and at all events increasing scientific  
results. The dead whose bodies were  
rescued have honorable burial. The  
unburied are remembered with sad-  
ness.

"But what reck's it now? Is their sleep less  
sound  
In the place where the wild wave swept  
them,  
Than if home's green turf their graves had  
bound,  
Or the hearts that loved had wept them?"

### RAM CHANDRA BOSE AT SARA-TOGA.

BY REV. BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D. D.

This cultured and talented repre-  
sentative of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church in India to the late General  
Conference at Philadelphia, spent a  
few days recently in this attractive  
place, and spoke to a large audience  
of deeply interested persons, at the  
daily prayer on the 13th inst. Dressed  
in his native costume, simple, com-  
fortable, and suited to the bright and  
beautiful morning, having a very dark  
complexion — about that of a mulatto  
— and yet having a Caucasian physi-  
ognomy and speaking good English  
in rhetorical style, he was at once an

object of curious concern and feeling.  
Being a convert from one form of  
Hindoo heathenism to orthodox Chris-  
tianity, and having a sound experi-  
ence, he was a centre of great inter-  
est. His appearance and his theme  
of remarks, as also his easy manners,  
simple and direct, were in striking  
contrast with those of Protap Chundar  
Mozoomdar, the representative of  
Bramo Somaj, who a year ago visited  
Saratoga, and showed his sympathy  
with the rationalistic Unitarianism of  
this country. Bose is an evangelical  
Christian, in full sympathy with all who  
love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity  
and in truth. Indeed, he here de-  
clared himself "a cosmopolitan Chris-  
tian," ready to give his heart and  
hand to all the disciples of Christ,  
and, as opportunity offers, to com-  
mune at the Lord's table with all —  
"even with Baptists when they will  
let him."

Occupying about forty-five minutes,  
he held the unbroken attention of the  
select audience while he discussed  
Hindoo theology, or mythology; for,  
said he, "They are one and the same."  
The theology of the Hindoos is a sys-  
tem of myths nicely adjusted and fine-  
ly attenuated. Its chief characteris-  
tics, both in theory and practice, are  
vice and sensuality. It teaches a  
trial of deities — not a trinity in es-  
sential unity, after the Christian idea,  
but three distinct and separate gods,  
namely, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva.

Brahma is popularly regarded the  
Creator, who, having brought all  
things into being, has retired to in-  
finite quietude and unconcern for his  
creatures. Vishnu is thought to be  
the preserver, the god of providence,  
and is, therefore, the chief object of  
worship. Siva is the destroyer, and  
is worshipped as such. The name,  
Ram Chandra, borne by this man, is  
also the name of a god which he in  
youth devotedly worshipped, and be-  
cause of the honor conferred on him  
by his parents in doing so.

A marked feature of Hindoo my-  
thology is its austerity as a means of  
salvation, and of which there are  
three forms. One consists of prostra-  
tion and fires on either side, be-  
fore and behind, and overhead. This  
surrounded by flames, the devotee  
gives himself to sublime contemplation  
the better to atone for his sins. The  
second form of austerity is the endur-  
ance of extreme cold. The third is  
such a direct looking at the midday  
sun as to cause blindness, at times for  
life. Other subsidiary austerities are  
practiced, such as lifting the right  
arm and holding it in that position  
until it is fixed and useless. Some  
devotees seen by Bose himself, lie on  
stones in such utter silence as to be-  
come speechless.

The great purposes of Vishnu in  
his providential acts are brought about  
by his incarnations, or avatars, in  
which he appears and acts on earth.  
He became man in order to slay the  
hundred-headed and thousand-armed  
monster which, said the speaker, may  
well represent sin. Here Bose spoke  
forthrightly of the Christ of the Gospels  
as the only Saviour who came to de-  
stroy the works of the devil. Buddha,  
the ninth in the order of avatars, is  
the incarnation whose religion is  
Buddhism. The tenth incarnation is  
yet to appear on a white horse to take  
vengeance on the wicked. The famous  
Juggernaut was one of the incarna-  
tions, to whose worship the English  
government put an end. At this point  
in his vivid account of Buddhism the  
speaker electrified the audience by a  
thrilling contrast made between Bud-  
dha and Jesus Christ and His atone-  
ment, the religion for the world, and  
not to be put on a par with any reli-  
gion either national or oriental. He  
was the more animated because of  
his own sound conversion from heathen  
myths to Christian truth and grace.

He had overleaped the Bramo Somaj,  
where Mozoomdar stopped, and had  
transcended in his experience the late  
head of that semi-Christian theory.  
Returning to the subordinate Chan-  
dra, whose name he bears, and to  
whom he in childhood gave special  
devotion, he represented him as "a  
well-behaved god." Going further  
into the ramifications of Hindoo my-  
thology, he said that there are black  
gods and white ones; that the origi-  
nal black god was in childhood a bad  
boy, and has not since improved in  
character; that all the deities are re-  
presented as giants, and are monsters  
of cruelty and vice; that the theology

and philosophy of that nation are the  
same, and represent sin as inhering in  
matter; and that God is the author  
of sin. In his further discrimina-  
tions he said that the chief character-  
istic of Hindooism is the establishing  
and perpetuation of the spirit of caste  
among the people. Buddhism antag-  
onizes this aristocratic principle, and is,  
therefore, popular and better suited  
to the common people. Hindooism  
teaches an incarnation for the purpose  
of leading to sin of all kinds. Bud-  
dhism offers a false and inadequate  
atonement.

Speaking of his own conversion, of  
the evident and certain adaptation of  
Christianity to the needs of humanity,  
and of its progress in his country, he  
warmly thanked the people of this  
land for their efforts to enlighten and  
save his countrymen; and, though he  
made no appeal for money, all who  
heard him will be very ready to give  
freely for the evangelization of India.  
In evidence of the progress of Chris-  
tian missions in that country, he said  
that when he was here four years  
ago there were four hundred thou-  
sand native Christians in that em-  
pire, and now there are five hundred  
thousand — a large increase, truly,  
when we consider all the adverse facts  
in the case.

### AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

BY REV. CHAS. ADAMS, D. D.

As I have been, now and then,  
descanting, with some freedom  
through the HERALD, upon certain  
preachers, young and not so young,  
that interested me in my boyish days,  
there still remain one or two others of  
the long time ago that have seemed to  
me worthy of a passing notice.

It must have been as many as sixty-  
five years ago that it was rumored  
through that old native town of mine,  
that a certain eccentric and remark-  
able preacher was on his way thither,  
would pass through the town on a  
certain day, and would pause in his  
travels and preach in the old Puritan  
meeting-house. Such a rumor was  
sufficient to awaken the curiosity of  
the multitude, old and young — the  
latter especially — and the announce-  
ment of his arrival was the signal for  
a prodigious rallying of the people.  
It was a brilliant midsummer day  
when he came, and all along that  
pleasant land of farms the haymaking  
season was at its height; and men and  
boys were all abroad amid the hay-  
fields — a busy multitude, busily im-  
proving the sunny hours, the busiest  
of the year.

The preaching was to be about  
noon-time; and, consequently, there  
was a seeming of a sudden evacuation  
of the fields, together with that of  
scythes, rakes, pitchforks, and the en-  
tire paraphernalia of haymaking,  
while all — some having hastily  
donned their Sunday clothes, and  
others in their "shirt sleeves" as us-  
ual — were hurrying toward the old  
meeting-house by every path leading  
thither, like as all roads are said to  
lead to Rome. The boys, especially,  
were on hand; and some of us, on  
reaching the place, ascertained that  
the preacher had arrived, and was sit-  
ting and resting himself in the adjoin-  
ing cemetery. There we found him  
in company with one or two other  
ministers who seemed to be having  
him in charge, while lookers-on were  
standing around.

The strange preacher seemed a slender  
appearing man, of moderate size,  
his clothing somewhat worn and seedy,  
and with an old straw hat, such as the  
farmers wore in the hay-fields. His  
long black hair spread itself over his  
coat collar, and his beard was full  
grown — a strange spectacle in those  
days when men shaved closely. He  
seemed a solemn, thoughtful man as  
he sat there, saying but little, scarcely  
noticing the bystanders, his eyes ap-  
parently fixed and dreamy, and his  
general aspect quiet and meditative.

But it was soon "meeting-time;"  
and we boys left the cemetery and  
hurried into the church. The crowd  
was already there, and other crowds  
were pouring in below and above —  
filling up the old square pews and all  
the intervening spaces. Presently  
the strange preacher entered, slowly  
making his way through the crowded  
broad aisle toward the pulpit — his  
old straw hat upon his head, until he  
reached the "deacons' seats." He  
seemed shy of the old lofty pulpit, and

declined to ascend thither; whether  
he feared that the old sounding-board  
might unloose from its fastenings, and  
"tumble down headlong" upon the  
poor minister, or for some other cause,  
I never knew. But taking his stand  
in front of the pulpit, and removing  
his hat, he at once, and without in-  
vocation, song, or prayer, began his  
preaching. "How long halt ye be-  
tween two opinions?" was the text;  
but of the sermon I could understand  
but little. I was a boy then, and, doubt-  
less, less careful than I should have  
been to receive instruction. I was,  
in fact, more intent on observing the  
appearance of the preacher — his long  
hair and beard, his singular voice,  
his curious upjerk of his chin and  
speech at the end of his sen-  
tences, especially when oft-repeating  
his text, and, in general, the rather  
coarse and ungainly aspect of the good  
man and his performance.

As a somewhat remarkable episode  
amid his sermon, the preacher sud-  
denly paused, and fastening his eyes  
intently and terribly upon a certain  
woman sitting near by, whom he  
could have never seen or heard of be-  
fore, he warned her personally and  
very seriously against the habit of  
scoffing; and then proceeded with his  
discourse. It must be added as a  
rather curious fact, that according to  
the current gossip afterwards, the  
severe admonition thus administered  
to the poor woman was not unde-  
served.

Such was the preacher and the  
preaching; and passing out from the  
old meeting-house, he shot away as a  
rocket through the air, and was heard  
or seen again in those parts never-  
more. And such were the crowds as,  
edified or unedified, they scattered  
hither and thither to their homes and  
fields again.

A certain mistiness seemed to hang  
around the closing days of the some-  
what mysterious man glanced at  
above. He died many years ago,  
and his grave is within a mile or so  
from where I am writing. May he  
rest in peace! Meanwhile, after all  
his eccentric ways and modes, and  
after all his long wanderings in many  
lands, there is one who cherishes the  
beautiful idea that somewhere in the  
Book of Life is written — never to be  
erased — the name of Lorenzo Dow.

### EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

BY PROF. A. B. HYDE.

At the beginning of our half-cent-  
ury, the Russian serf was the bottom  
of the seven "class-figures" of  
society. Of emperor, noble, priest,  
soldier, Jew and beggar he might say  
with the Alsatian: "Lord, have  
mercy upon me, for these six other  
men have to be supported by me!"  
This was a slight exaggeration, but  
at best his lot was a hard one. In  
theory he was personally free, though  
"attached" to the soil. That "at-  
tachment" made him practically a  
slave. Peasants were advertised and  
sold like cattle apart from the land, and  
when the land was sold, they were  
included in the sale. By imperial  
decree his labor for his master was  
but three days in the week; on  
remote estates the master could  
enlarge and even double the amount.  
The Czar Nicolas forbade breaking  
up families on the sale of estates, but  
the decree had small observance.  
The recruits for the army were drawn  
by lot, but the master could send to  
the army a serf of his own choosing.  
He could exile to Siberia any refrac-  
tory serf, and no questions asked.  
He could impose or forbid any mar-  
riage of man or woman. If he  
allowed any to become operatives,  
mechanics, or petty dealers, rather  
than tillers of the soil, he made them  
pay a round tax for the privilege.  
Under this fashion of slavery twenty-  
five "mortal millions" were living in  
Russia fifty years ago.

They had not always been in this  
condition. It began in the sixteenth  
century. As the czars went on con-  
quering Eastern Europe and consoli-  
dating an empire, they found the sub-  
ject tribes ready to remove in little  
hordes from one district to another,  
as soil, woods, streams, or local treat-  
ment, good or ill, might induce them.  
To stop this wandering, Ivan I.  
bound these subjects to the land  
(which they were allowed to call  
their own), but the system was per-  
fected under Boris, 1598. The pop-  
ulation of Russia was then made to  
consist mainly of nobles and serfs.  
Gradually, however, and inevitably,  
there grew up a free middle class,  
especially in the towns, of mechanics,  
tradesmen and employees of govern-  
ment. Many a tale is told of Russian  
serf-life, showing that while it was  
slavery of milder type than that  
pictured in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it  
was slavery still, liable to all incidents  
of unqualified ownership. The serfs  
were patient, cheerful and unenter-  
prising. They were dark-minded  
and superstitious, and devout in their  
way — a way not much above hea-  
thenism. Under the terrible rule which  
for centuries afflicted Russia, they  
were quite as happy as the freemen  
or the nobles. From these the Czar  
often by a word took property, liberty  
or life, while the serf in his low estate  
was secure in being unnoticed.

His tenure of land is peculiar.  
Forests cover ninety per cent. of north-  
ern Russia, and even in the milder  
south they need careful preserving.  
The cleared land of an estate was in  
compact form, and a given amount  
was assigned to the peasants of a  
village. This land, apart from the  
cottage-gardens, was annually allotted  
to the families. In some districts the  
allotment was for fifty years. It  
has been said that at the chief corners  
several little boys were vigorously  
flogged, and thus it was tolerably  
certain that at the next allotment  
some one would distinctly remember  
the spot of his jubilee exercises!  
This village made its little laws and  
was a thorough commune, like our  
New England township, within cer-  
tain limits. In the course of genera-  
tions many serf-families had come to  
be agricultural no longer. They  
lived in towns and cities, followed  
various callings, and paid their owner  
his annuity. Still, those in agricul-  
ture formed the mass, and the  
account we here give is chiefly of them.

It was not long after the troubles  
in Poland (1830) that Nicolas, wish-  
ing to show the peasants of his west-  
ern provinces who were their friends,  
began to think of their emancipation.  
His troubles in 1848 and his Crimean  
War discouraged him from going  
farther than the taking of inventories  
of the serfs of the nobles. His own  
he changed to tenants in 1839, giving  
them the right of getting property if  
they could, and of leaving it to whom  
they pleased. The number thus  
affected, placed by some at ten mil-  
lions, he thus added to that middle  
class which he wished to build and so  
reduce the power of his nobles, as  
the Plantagenets had reduced the  
power of the English barons. Such  
a class he hoped to bind to the crown  
by feelings of gratitude for its own  
creation. He was convinced that  
freeing the serfs was the true policy,  
and in his last words to his son he  
made it his most earnest and solemn  
injunction. That son, Alexander II.,  
began by allowing the press, in tales  
and memoirs, to present the evils of  
serfdom. He then held assemblies  
of the nobles in various provinces to  
consider emancipation. All these  
were in favor of freeing the serfs,  
like birds, from the land, and keep-  
ing the land themselves. To this the  
Czar would not consent, and justly.  
We saw in this country what such  
bird-freedom is worth, and in Russia  
the serfs had for ages called the land  
their own and adjusted their habits  
accordingly.

In middle Russia on land of average  
fertility (and it may serve as a spec-  
imen of the whole) the peasants had  
held two-thirds of the estate, and  
their labor, as rent for this, had culti-  
vated for the noble the other third.  
Some masters accepted nine roubles  
a year from each male adult in place  
of labor, and as each held about nine  
acres of land, the rent of an acre  
may be set at a rouble (say 80 cents).  
This was also the charge upon serfs  
living in towns. The Czar retained  
this land for the serf, as tenant. If  
he wished to buy it, he himself must  
pay twenty per cent. of its appraised  
value, and the rest was paid by gov-  
ernment in bonds redeemable after a  
fixed time. The noble got eighty  
per cent. of the value of the land. Even  
then he has been benefited, for land  
in central and southern Russia has  
steadily increased in price since  
emancipation.

It was a great event when, after

(Continued on page 8.)



### Miscellaneous.

#### ECCLIASTICAL BOOK-KEEPING.

BY REV. W. W. BALDWIN.

One function of the pastor is ecclesiastical book-keeping. In this it is required that the clerical entries that he shall make in the books of the church shall exhibit faithfulness, care, truthfulness, fullness, legibility, considerateness, taste and neatness. Too often his actual work in this department shows a violation of each of these qualities. The Queen's English, Murray's grammar, Webster's spelling, the chronology of the copy book, and the neatness of ordinary care, are all set at defiance. An intimate acquaintance with many sets of pastors' records furnishes the basis for the statement that the pastors who practice the correct keeping of church books are the exceptions. Would it not be well for our theological schools to give a few lectures on this important part of the pastor's work? The simplicity of the method employed, while seemingly rendering any training unnecessary, practically render great complexity of error in this work. Most pastors are great men, measured by their handwriting! Some are certainly geniuses, measured by the variety of ways in which they can spell common words! Not a few are very profound, measured by their absent-mindedness in neglecting their clerical work.

1. The pastor has only an advisory relation to the "trustees' records," the "quarterly conference records," the "financial records," the "Sunday-school records," and the "leaders' and stewards' records," yet that relation may be used to secure the making and preserving of full and satisfactory records. Too often these records are loose slips of paper, only preserved until lost or thrown away. Pastoral care should secure their faithful recording in suitable books. Valuable church histories will grow in time out of these full records. The passing years render them valuable and interesting. One church now aspiring to a foremost place in its Conference has not a scratch in any form of its first forty years of life, for on a contingency it settled a trouble by burning its entire records. The pastor, not to be outdone, took the register, containing the names of all the old fathers and mothers who were its founders, and made a scrap-book of it. That pastor was duly promoted to be the presiding elder of the district! The one item of "pastor's quarterly reports," if preserved by being copied in full, would present an immense amount of exact historical matter in fifty years. These reports contain statements of the inner church life found in no other portion of the church records. The pastor should insist that they go into the records in full.

2. The "church register" contains the clerical entries of the pastor, and of the pastor only. If it be in due form and properly kept, he is faithful in this; if it be neglected and improperly kept, he is the negligent party. It has the advantages of being in his exclusive care, of being often under his eye, of having the forms of the work of many predecessors in his office, of furnishing him the exact information he must often seek, and of inciting in him an ideal correctness. Its pages and columns are duly headed in plain print. Its subdivisions are such as wisdom has thought best to provide for the entry of several classes of facts. Seemingly "the wayfarer man though a fool need not err" in this work. But the facts lead us to conclude to the contrary. Pastors of profound abilities make slovenly entries, omit dates, write in perishable ink, overlook whole departments of entry, fail to note essential facts, write nothing in the "historical memoranda," and do not seem to realize that every word written will be critically scanned by a hundred future pastors who will judge the writer out of these books. If the pastor of fifty years ago had thought that his successor in this year of grace would call him a "sloven," "unfaithful," "ignoramus," or "just splendid," according to the marks of his pen in the church register, he would have written for immortality there. The future would pass the same judgment on us!

The historical entry covering a pastorate is very important. It is often omitted. It should be a summary of the results of the work bestowed. It need not magnify the incumbent, nor minimize his predecessor. A careful statement of facts in a digested form written by the pastor's own hand, with special reference to any noted events of the term, would be a historical note of great value. It should be prepared with great care lest it be a record of self-appreciation to be read in turn by other appreciators of themselves. The readers will always be critical. Let it be written with that fact in view.

3. A "pastoral journal," not provided for by the rules of the church, and therefore not kept, would be useful, interesting and valuable. Often a pastor wishes he could peep into the private diary of his predecessor. He would specially like to know such facts as these—what texts were preached from, with the dates and the subjects; what the size, character and impressive force of the congregations; what the interest in the social meetings; what peculiar experiments and novelties were introduced, and with what success; how certain members departed themselves in former years; how many and how intense were the dead-head elements in the church; who were the pillars, and by virtue of what fitness; how revival influences started, and how such efforts were treated; with a multitude of other facts and impressions. A journal in which details and facts of a hundred kinds should find constant record, would give a picture of the society every week. A marginal index would make the whole intelligible at a glance.

Guided by such a journal, a proper succession of teaching could be carried on. Many of our congregations have never had a thorough presentation of the great doctrines of the Bible. One pastor omitted some doctrines, and his successor omitted the same, and many more. No one realized the fact, but the result has been teaching defective in its range of topics.

The incidents recorded in such a journal would furnish a local lore full of impressive illustrations for the pulpit and the social meetings. It is in tradition in one church that four weeks before the most remarkable revival ever enjoyed in that society the pastor stated from the pulpit that "in a church of one hundred members there was not in his judgment religion enough to save one soul." In such times of pastoral agony there are strong puttings of truths. They ought to find record for the use of those who come after into the same agony of labor.

The most important acts in the lives of the membership would be recorded in this journal. A chief woman feels moved to pay a church debt, and succeeds. A class of girls in the Sunday-school begins to hold a prayer-meeting, and a hundred souls are converted. A brother makes a votive offering, and from it a paragon is built. The travail of the saints, the agony of the ministry, the ways of the Holy Spirit, the flow and ebb of the tides of power, the gleams and glooms of inner church life, as disclosed by the fire on the altar, would find faithful record. The lapse of time would hallow the choice treasures found in such records.

But all these necessities and possibilities connected with a pastor's clerical work may be defeated by his unfaithfulness. Splendid pulpits abilities, great social refinement, intense spiritual communion, pleasant good-fellowship, and dreamy thoughtfulness will not compensate for a lack of faithfulness in this work. These things ought the pastor to be and do, and not leave the others undone.

#### CHURCH DEBTS.

BY REV. W. T. WORTH.

In each of the Annual Conferences held during the past year, it is probable that a committee was appointed to consider the best method of observing this centennial year of our church organization. Such was the recommendation of our Bishops. We presume that each of these committees was faithful, and made its report to the body creating it, and that this report was, at first or finally, accepted. Doubtless the general basis for these reports was the Bishops' Address. We cannot readily gain access to many of these reports just now, but shall refer to those made to the New England and the New England Southern Conferences—the bodies with which we are most familiar.

The Bishops' Address urged that, as far as possible, all church debts be liquidated "before the commencement of 1884." The evident and laudable desire was to clear the way for centennial thank-offerings for local and connectional causes. It is to be feared that the episcopal counsel was not followed. Certainly it was not in the Conferences to which we refer. The Address adds: "We should greatly rejoice if, before the century shall close, all existing debts, especially those of long standing, should be liquidated, that the churches might more properly unite in connectional offerings." The century does not close until the last week of 1884, so that the Bishops hope our debts may all be paid by that time; and they also say, in this closing line, that a church may "more properly unite in connectional offerings" when its own liabilities are canceled. Later in the Address this language is used: "We earnestly hope that each member of the church will esteem it a privilege to contribute to such enterprises as shall bless humanity in all coming time."

This Address names the cause of education as the chief object for centennial offerings: 1. Board of Education; 2. Freedmen's Aid Society; 3. Theological seminaries; 4. Seminaries, colleges and universities, as each Conference may designate. Then follows a list of bene-

volences which, it is hoped, may be bountifully shared in the benefactions of the church.

The Centennial Committee for the New England Conference presented a report (see Minutes, p. 45) which eliminates some of these causes, and reverses the order of others. It makes no mention of church debts; and it provides (wisely, as we think) for offerings in the following order: "The Academy at Wilbraham; Wesleyan University; Boston University School of Theology; scholarship endowments for students preparing for the ministry in the Boston University College of Liberal Arts; permanent fund in the New England Education Society," etc.

The New England Southern Conference committee, in their report, most wisely placed first, "The sacred duty of paying church debts." Then follows care for the superannuated, the widows and orphans; and then the educational work of the church. This committee reverses the order suggested by the Centennial committee at Cincinnati, in 1880, but it includes church debts in its plan, as the New England Conference does not.

Now, without abating one jot from a true devotion to all connectional causes and all educational work, we believe the nearest, most natural, the first and best object to gain this year, is the payment of church debts. In many quarters there will be much or something to give in other directions after these obligations are met. Perhaps in some cases this is, at present, impossible. It is quite easy to pay these debts on paper. Some of them have been paid once, or twice, or even three, in that way; and "the last state of that [church] is worse than the first." It is quite easy for an outsider to compute the amount each brother should contribute toward extinguishing a church debt; but it is quite another thing to be in a financial whirlpool, and calmly discover any way out. There are to-day fourteen churches in the New England Conference, and four in the New England Southern, which are in debt, according to published figures, fifty per cent. or more of their valuation. One of these four has a church and parsonage valuation of \$1,500, and a debt of \$2,200. Perhaps the figures may be wrong in the Minutes; such things have sometimes happened. There are some other churches where the debt is not quite such a percentage of the valuation, which may not be able to meet their indebtedness now. But there are many cases, doubtless, where a resolute and united endeavor would result in the destruction of debts which are such foes to the peace and power of the churches.

What a blessing it would be if the dawn of 1885 could shine on Episcopal Methodist churches unburdened of this load, and ready, with glad zeal, to push with a golden hand all enterprises which will hasten the triumph of Christ, our King! The total valuation of the church and parsonage property in the New England Conference is \$2,550,800. The indebtedness is \$625,587 (nearly \$800,000 of this amount is on twelve churches); this debt is nearly 20 per cent. of the valuation. Reckoning interest at 5 per cent., the churches are paying \$31,279 per year interest on this debt—a sum very nearly equal to the amount paid for all benevolences tabulated in the Minutes last year; seven times the amount raised last year for church aid; a sum sufficient to save quite a number of excellent Christian ministers from half starving on scanty stipends; an amount more than sufficient to save one fine church edifice from passing out of our hands, as it soon will do, unless help flies to its relief.

In the New England Southern Conference, the total church and parsonage valuation is \$1,717,160. The indebtedness is \$133,793, or about 12 per cent. on the valuation. At 5 per cent. the churches in that Conference are paying \$6,939 interest per year—seven times the amount paid into the treasury of their struggling and ambitious Home Missionary Society, and an amount more than equal to all their benevolences, except "General Missions," and those tabulated as "other causes." Bear in mind, after the interest is paid, there is the debt. And sometimes this swells, to the grief of the trustees, by their inability to promptly meet the interest payments.

It will not now do any good to say that there must have been poor management in some cases. That is conceded; but it is too late for lamentations. Besides, off against this mismanagement we may put the heroic sacrifices of some churches and some men who have suffered large personal loss that they might save the church of God any disgrace or failure. All honor to them! They will certainly balance the account. God gave them, and will give all such, gracious deliverance. One man thrice mortgaged his possessions to shield the church, and died lately in the midst of plenty. Another man, who took a similar course, has lived to see all his children converted in the very edifice his love and zeal had saved, and to-day he is worth more than he ever was.

But here are the debts. Shall they be paid? Or shall we groan longer under them? Remember, the most of this is on edifices already solemnly given to God for His use and glory. I wonder if there was any debt on the Temple when it was done! Can we feel easy while these incumbrances are on us? There are good reasons why they should be paid:—

1. Very often a church debt stands in the way of social and spiritual success. We will cite one instance which is by no means solitary. A new edifice was projected in a certain town. When the subscription papers had been circulated, it was found the amounts pledged nearly covered the proposed cost. Before the building was done, the subscriptions shrank more than \$4,000. The property cost \$12,000 more than the estimate. This left a debt of more than \$16,000, which was afterward increased a little; and that debt was a veritable "Old Man of the Sea" to the good brethren of that church. They had too much principle to do as Sinbad did with the original "Old Man," so they bore it out, and not without many groans. As often as people came into the town, some persons in other

churches strengthened their invitations to the new-comers by reference to this crushing debt, accompanying the reference with sundry ominous shakes of the head. Since then that church has had to struggle, and it has been sadly crippled in its power among the people. If this great obligation had not been incurred, no church in that community would have had a thrifter life.

Take another case. It is in a populous and stirring manufacturing village. Many who are prominent in other matters are connected with this church and congregation. Under a wrong impression a fine and commodious edifice was built—not too fine for God's service, but too fine for the means of the people at that time. When it was finished the people had left—some courage, two or three rich men on whom they leaned, and a very large debt. Again and again the courage of the people has oozed out, and nothing has appeared so certain as failure, when suddenly something favorable would occur, and the danger heaved over for a season. But all this while the spiritual strength has failed to develop as it should, and partially from this cause; and the church has fairly been unable to enter the open doors of opportunity in the rapidly-growing village.

These are "unvarnished" stories, and they can be duplicated again and again. They carry their moral with them. By the shortness of our day, and the speed with which our sunset is hurrying on, as well as by the increasing magnitude of our highest work, we are exhorted to unburden ourselves of these impedimenta as speedily as possible.

2. These debts often disqualify churches for needed financial work. It is sometimes the case, it is true, that a debt is made the excuse for failing to respond to a lawful and earnest call for aid. Sometimes this has gone so far as to tie a pastor's hands by a resolution shutting out all, or a part, of the connectional collections. Certainly then a pastor must be "in a strait betwixt two," and be about ready to finish the work, though not with Paul's meaning. The cases are very far apart where such a resolution deserves to be obeyed. We agree, however, that very often debts curtail the power of the people to respond. What has been already said concerning the outlay on interest account proves this. It is reasonable to suppose that at least a large part of this total could have found its way into the benevolent treasuries without any damage to anybody. It is also true that sometimes a debt has been assigned as a reason for a smaller salary for the pastor than the brethren felt was just. It was an honest reason, and was put forward with sorrow; but while the debt remained, there was no help for it. See, again, how this may work during this centennial year. The list of causes is sent by the Conference committee to the committee of each church. Fifty per cent. of the churches in the New England Conference, and thirty-five per cent. of those in the New England Southern Conference, can respond: "We have a debt which demands our first thought." In some cases they may truthfully say, "If we do not kill the debt, the debt bids fair to kill us." In the first-named Conference these obligations resting on individual churches range from \$17,000 to \$42,000; in the second Conference, from \$12,000 to \$22,721. Suppose this whole debt in the two Conferences, aggregating \$764,180, could be swept out of the way before Christmas, how trust-ees and pastors and members would rejoice and sing praise to the Lord! And how soon the more generous benefactions of a liberated people would flow toward the causes which by their past grand achievements challenge the practical love of the church! We may think this is some "far Utopia," which cannot be reached in this generation; but, by the blessing of God, it may be a near land—"nearer now than we think!" O brethren of the laity! May God bless you in your financial enterprises, and cause the means to fill your coffers which shall not all be hoarded to be bones of contention among your heirs, but which shall largely be invested in the endeavor to prepare the church of Christ for the speediest conquest of the world. Certainly these efforts will, in the language of the Bishops, "bless humanity for all coming time."

And when this work of undoing heavy burdens is done, if we might only record a vow to bind no more such weights on our Zion, we might hope to wield larger power over the world, and dwell more completely in the Lord's smile.

Boston, July, 1884.

#### ASBURY GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

The camp-meeting opened Friday, Aug. 15, at 2.30 p. m., with genial skies after a long period of rain. The grounds are in perfect order under the care of Rev. George Whitaker. The many showers of this moist summer have given the trees of the grove an exuberant foliage, so that the place seems like a veritable paradise.

Good preparations had been made for the meeting. Bro. F. R. Butler, of Boston School of Theology, has had charge of the religious services held from Sabbath to Sabbath and during the week. The people in the cottages have enjoyed the services.

Thus it would seem that Asbury Grove camp-meeting never began under more favorable auspices. Dr. L. R. Thayer, of the Lynn district, has the charge of the meeting, and all feel he is the right man in the right place. His heart is deeply in the work, and his words of counsel and exhortation are wise. We have thought that there might be a vein of sadness in his feelings, as this is the twenty-fifth meeting held in this grove, and only a few of those who selected and had the grove fitted up for camp-meetings are now living. Dr. Thayer is among that number, and from the nature of his office he sees that probably this is the last meeting here over which he will preside. But if it is to be his last, he will have the joy of knowing it the best.

Dr. Daniel Steele preached the open-

ing sermon from Col. 1: 28: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." He treated in a masterly way the "Preacher's Theme and Its Object." It was a fitting sermon for opening the services. The right key was struck and the blessing of God was on the large audience that heard.

The evening sermon was preached by Rev. Geo. A. Phinney, of Cliftondale, from Acts 4: 12. His theme was, "Jesus the only Saviour," and his sermon made a deep impression on the people.

The second day opened with a laymen's meeting at 6 o'clock, and also a preachers' meeting. Many of the tents' companies held meetings at 8.30 a. m. The public services at the stand came next in order, and Rev. B. J. Johnston, of Harrison Square, took for his text Matt. 16: 26: "What is a man profited?" etc., and his theme was, "The Value of the Soul and the Danger of Its Being Lost."

After the union meetings at 1 p. m. in some of the larger tents, the people gathered at 2.30, and Rev. Watson M. Ayres, of Tapleville, preached from Rev. 3: 20, and his theme was, "Christ at the Door." Rev. N. B. Fisk preached Saturday evening from Matt. 27: 22: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" The sermons of the day were all characterized by a deep earnestness and impressive thought. Seldom have we heard more appropriate ones at camp-meeting.

Sunday was a perfect summer day. Early the voice of prayer and song broke the stillness of the air, and the work of the day was begun. A love-feast was held at 8.30 a. m. Dr. L. Crowell led the meeting; for an hour and a quarter hundreds spoke of their love for Jesus. Three and four, and often more, would rise at a time to give witness to the saving power of the Gospel. The meeting was more like heaven than earth; it was wonderful, and all knew that "old-fashioned religion" was not dead, but gloriously alive, in the heart of the church.

At 10 a. m., the seats of the auditorium were all filled. Just before the sermon Bro. J. P. Magee spoke a few words concerning the chapel built this season. His voice was feeble after his long sickness, but the people were glad to see him, and many eyes were moist, and many prayers were breathed to heaven that he might be fully recovered of his illness. Hon. J. F. Almy followed in a few words, and then a collection of \$160 was taken up for the chapel. If there had been time to obtain subscriptions, the whole amount of \$800 could have been raised. Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, of Malden, preached the morning sermon from John 3: 7. His theme was the "Nature of Regeneration, or the New Birth and Its Necessity."

The afternoon sermon was given by Dr. W. R. Clark, of Lynn, from the text, "Come." He urged four reasons why the sinner should come: 1. Because of the character of the Author of salvation. 2. It is your own profoundest conviction that you ought to accept this invitation. 3. You mean to do it some time. 4. You must accept this invitation, or life itself will be a miserable failure.

The evening sermon was by Rev. L. B. Bates, of Boston, from Hosea 11: 8 and 9. He treated his sermon in his unique way, holding the closest attention of the weary people for an hour, and then gave the invitation, and probably forty or more penitents came seeking pardon, and a great company seeking for pure hearts. It was a wonderful sight to see two hundred or more at the altar. Again we say, old-fashioned religion is not dead. God is with us; souls are coming to Christ; the ministers are in earnest for the salvation of the people.

M.

#### YARMOUTH CAMP-MEETING.

Sunday, Aug. 3, Rev. E. Edson, of Pascoag, R. I., preached from Isa. 55: 11: "My word shall not return unto me void." Rev. Dr. Craig, presiding elder, of Newark Conference, preached from John 14: 12: "And greater works than these shall ye do." Miss Carter, of Boston, led the children's meeting. Dr. Morrison had charge of all services and led a prayer-meeting. Monday evening, Aug. 4, Rev. A. P. Palmer, of Boston, led a prayer-meeting in Chatham society tent.

The services of camp meeting week opened Tuesday evening, Aug. 6, W. V. Morrison, D. D., presiding elder of the district, having charge. He made a brief address of encouragement and direction, and the meeting continued with unusual power through the week. The six o'clock prayer-meetings were well sustained in numbers and of unusual power.

The tent prayer-meetings at eight o'clock drew large numbers. The children's meeting at 1 o'clock was led by Mrs. Rev. A. P. Palmer and Mrs. D. B. Lovell, of Brockton. Tent-meetings at 6 p. m. were also sustained as in other days, only with more of practical success. The preaching was excellent; with no labored effort at greatness, but with gracious endeavor at presenting the truth. The altar services were precious and practical services. The singing was led by O. Snow, of Provincetown, and a good chorus, and was very efficient. The weather was very rainy, and repeatedly drove the meetings into society tents.

The love-feast was remarkable for the number of testimonies to heart purity. We doubt if a national holiness camp-meeting would have furnished a larger proportion of direct testimonies on that line. Evidently our people hold to the great mission of Methodism, and will be satisfied with nothing less than conscious heart purity. Why should they be? The deep conviction of sinners was another marked feature. We repeatedly heard penitents sobbing aloud. We noted one earnest soul seeking pardon one evening and sanctification the next, and found what she sought each time. She was a young Irish Cath-

olic. We heard an experienced camp-meeting singer he had seen no such work for twenty-five years.

The great event of the week was Bishop Foster's sermon Sunday morning, on the text, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory" (Ps. 73: 24). The Bishop rose easily and naturally to the grandest sermon, or public address of any kind, we ever heard. The outline of the sermon may be briefly put as follows: 1. Our need of a guide; 2. The qualifications of a good guide; 3. The glorious estate to which our guide leads us. The whole assembly will be stronger in the Christian faith as one result of the sermon. Dr. Tiffany followed in the afternoon with a sermon on Jesus as the Good Shepherd and the church as His flock (John 10: 14-16). The sermon was worthy of the theme and the preacher, and suffered only in contrast with the morning service.

Other preachers during the week were: Revs. E. Jones, of Hampton (Luke 8: 25); S. F. Harriman, Eastham (1 Cor. 13: 12); G. A. Morse, Wellfleet (1 Pet. 1: 5); A. P. Palmer, Brockton (Matt. 27: 28); J. G. Gagnons, Fall River (Heb. 13: 20, 21); E. E. Drew, New Bedford (1 Tim. 4: 8); R. Clark, Sagamore (Gen. 4: 9); J. B. Hingley, New Bedford (Isa. 3: 13); C. H. Ewar, Stoughton (Job 35: 8, Ezra 56: 25, Heb. 9: 13 and 14); L. B. Bates, Boston (Ps. 126: 5); Wm. McK. Bray, of East Greenwich, R. I. (John 4: 14 and 7: 38); H. C. McBride, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Matt. 5: 48); E. D. Hall, Bristol, R. I. (Matt. 1: 21); S. McBarney, Taunton (2 Cor. 5: 14, 15); J. A. Rood, Cohasset (2 Tim. 4: 2); S. Spruwis, Providence, R. I. (Luke 19: 42); E. H. Buck, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (Luke 15: 10); and Warren Applebee, Provincetown (Rev. 20: 12). The services closed with a communion service, Tuesday morning, Aug. 12.

The annual meeting of the Association was held Wednesday, Aug. 7. Important changes were made in the composition of the association. Hereafter the membership will include one delegate and the preacher from every society. Every Methodist preacher who has a cottage and occupies it, and one representative for every six cottages from the same charge. This will make the association considerably larger than it has been. The special committees have been discontinued, and a board of management established, to consist of one president, two vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and nine directors, all to be elected at the annual meeting in August. This board was also directed to hire an agent, whose duty should be to see its plans carried out. The following officers were elected: Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., president; Rev. Warren Applebee and Dr. Henry Shortle, vice-presidents; Rev. S. M. Boale, secretary; Mr. B. D. Lovell, treasurer; Messrs. A. F. Sherman, O. T. Taylor, O. H. Elbridge, H. M. Smith, T. T. Baxter, John Hayward, W. W. Colburn, George A. Morse, and S. McBarney, directors.

The W. F. M. S. Yarmouth Camp Auxiliary was held Thursday, Aug. 8, Mrs. W. V. Morrison presiding. Addresses were made by Mrs. Rev. J. Mather and Rev. G. A. Morse. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Alice Hinkley; first vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Ewer; second vice-president, Mrs. W. W. Colburn; third vice-president, Mrs. G. A. Morse; secretary, Miss J. Townsend; treasurer, Mrs. S. W. Hinkley; solicitors, Mrs. C. H. Ewer, Mrs. A. P. Palmer, Mrs. W. W. Colburn, Mrs. J. Jones. S. M. B.

#### WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

One good service the Woman's Home Missionary Society is doing the church is the furnishing of supplies for living to the families of our frontier preachers who are doing missionary work. For full particulars regarding these supplies, see *Woman's Home Missions*, the organ of the Society, published at Delaware, O. The suggestion in the subjoined letter from Mrs. Prof. Marcy, of Evanston, Ill., is timely, and we trust will be accepted.

"I have been thinking about the preparation of fruits to be sent to our frontier missionaries. This was suggested some time since by one of our members, a young woman full of active charity, and it seemed to me so good a plan that I have begun to practice it by drying cherries, the only fruit we have in abundance. I think the mere mention of this might result in a great benefit to the people on the frontier."

"I suppose but few persons know how difficult it is to procure any kind of fruit, and how expensive that, as well as the most common vegetables, is. My attention was called to this matter a few days since by conversation with a lady recently arrived from Colorado, who told of the suffering need of our ministers' families in that State. It would not be believed if I should repeat what she said of the manner in which they lived—their extreme poverty and self-denial. Bacon and corn meal are the staples of living, potatoes being fifteen cents a pound. Now if our ladies, many of whom will make great quantities of fruit wasted, make a point each and all to dry or preserve in some way for safe transportation even a little fruit, how much might be done for the comfort of those whose faith and heroism in the frontier work, under their privations, seem marvelous."

#### AID SOUGHT.

MR. EDITOR: I am engaged in completing my father's sets of Methodist publications, for the "American Methodist Historical Society," of Baltimore. I am desirous of transferring them to the Society in as complete a condition as possible before the "Centennial Conference" of December, 1884. I invoke the aid of any who may have the missing documents below mentioned.

Of the 68 Bible Society Reports, 1817-84, I lack Nos. 1, 5, 7, 11, 13, 14, 16, 21, 25, 33, 35, 36, 39, 51, 54 and 55.

Of the 66 Missionary Reports, 1819-84, I lack from 1 to 12, also 23 and 34.

Of the 18 Church Extension Reports, 1866-84, I lack only the first.

Of the Freedmen's Aid Reports, 1867-83, I lack Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5.

Of the 12 Sunday-school and Tract Re-

ports (united), 1873-84, I lack none. I have also the 19 Tract Reports, 1854-72, complete; but of the 30 Sunday-school Reports, 1842-72, I lack 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 67 and 72.

The set of 50 Methodist Almanacs, 1834-1883, is complete except the first two leaves of 1834 and some mutilations in 1837. I cannot ascertain that there is any other complete set in existence except one belonging to Dr. A. S. Hunt, of New York.

The importance of these historical collections cannot well be overestimated, and now, during our centennial year of Methodism, is a good time to look over the rubbish of our libraries and lay away for future generations whatever is necessary to a proper understanding of the deeds of our fathers.

I invite correspondence with any one who can assist me, or whom I can assist in this important work. Address: GEO. C. ROUNT, Attorney at Law, Aug. 11, 1884. Manassas, Va.

#### Our Book Table.

THE KING'S MEN: A TALE OF TOMORROW, by Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, \$1.25. For sale in Boston by Joseph J. Rogers & Co. The polyglot authorship of this volume is a remarkable feature. The unity of style, and of the personnel of the volume is well preserved, although, knowing the fact of the multiplied writers, one seems to notice a freedom of fancy in some chapters not apparent in others. The date of the story is put at the close of the present century. A grandchild, George the V., of the present Prince of Wales, after the reign of Edward Albert, has succeeded to the throne and been driven from it by a popular revolution, and a Republic has succeeded the Empire. The tragedy of the story is a conspiracy which falls to reinstate the deposed King, the failure occurring through the King's lack of courage and a fatal blow at the instigation of a handsome but dissolute woman. The love tale that is interwoven is well managed. The scene changes from England to America, and brings to notice a series of incidents of the immense speculative fortunes falling into the hands of American stock-brokers, and the terrible straits of the English nobility.

Funk & Wagnalls publish in their Standard Library (25 cents each), NUMBER ONE, and HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, by Joseph J. Rogers & Co. S. L. S. A. This is a brightly and vigorously written treatise on the hygienic treatment of our physical frame, with a clear intimation of the habits and substances inimical to life and the enjoyment of it. It is a volume which is an attractive volume which no one can read without profit. In the same series we have a strong romance by Edgar Fawcett, entitled RUTHERFORD. It is a novel of New York society, and its characters are well drawn.

Joseph B. Cowden, of New York, sends out, very neatly published, a glorious fight of his muse entitled THE NEW CHRISTIAN. Satan, after Christ's crucifixion, goes up to heaven to see what he can discover as the result of this awful event. He beholds the glory of God, hears the songs of the redeemed, and is strangely thrilled and melted, sees a vacant throne and the ascension of Christ amid great triumphs. He finally discovers an awful lake of fire on the left hand of the throne, and a fearful shadowing of its ultimate occupants. He becomes disconcerted, is sentenced to his place, descends to hell amid the gaze of men and angels, while Michael lifts a helmet of fire, and a fearful battle ensues. The lines are melodious, the high strain quite well sustained, and the imagination vigorous.

John B. Alden has issued a very neat pocket edition, in clear type, of THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE, one of the best of the many volumes of the series, from the pen of Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

From T. Y. Crowell & Co., in their Red Line Series, \$1.25 each, we have SURF AND WAVE: THE SEA AS SUNG BY THE POETS, edited by Anna L. Ward, handsomely published, 12mo, gilt, 608 pages. A very wide selection from among many of the poems of the world, known, of their songs of the sea is gathered in this beautiful volume. Some of the finest short poems of modern days in the language will be found in this selection. The subject of itself an inspiration. Very full indexes are appended, which add greatly to the facility of the reader in finding favorite poets and poems.

From the same publishers we have, in their tasteful form of publication, WHAT FINE REMEMBERS, by Faye Huntington. A favorite periodical writer gathers up the personal recollections of a former day as they fall from the lips of a mother or a grandparent upon the ears of a beloved child. It is a very natural and pleasantly written volume.

From S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, we have WESTON'S AND CUNEO'S OF THE RAILWAY, OR STORIES OF THE LOCOMOTIVE IN EVERY LAND, by William Somers Kennedy. 12mo, \$1.25. This is the history, pleasantly told, of railroad construction, from the beginning to the present time, with pictorial illustrations and striking incidents. It is both an interesting and instructive volume—a thousand times better for the reading of our young people (and equally excellent for the adult) than any of the popular handbooks of the subject, and is a volume of probable or improbable adventures.

THE ORCHIDS OF NEW ENGLAND: A POPULAR MONOGRAPH, by Henry Baldwin. 8vo, fully illustrated, 152 pages. New York: John Wiley & Sons. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. This is a quite exhaustive treatise, written in a popular style, so that an untrained lover of plants may readily secure the full advantage of its interesting and instructive details. New England flora. The volume is made, by personal incursions, particularly entertaining, and will be heartily welcomed by both the teacher and the pupil in botany.

From our Book Rooms at New York we have the volume which we are all reading, THE PENSIVE AND FAMOUS, by J. H. Potts, A. M., upon SPIRITUAL LIFE: ITS NATURE, URGENCY, AND CROWNING EXCELLENCE. 16mo, \$1.00. This is an admirable treatise upon subjective piety, abundantly illustrated, so as to make it clear and attractive even to young readers. It is a choice volume to place in the hands of young Christians, and will be welcomed by all for Sabbath reading and meditative hours.







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# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884.

It is not by selfishly hogging God's gifts to our own bosoms, but by liberally scattering them abroad, that we taste the fullness of their delicious sweetness. As saith the poet,—

"What mystic robes in thy breast will blow,  
If on the wind their leaves thou straightaway strow."

These lines only give poetic expression to our Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—a truth no unenriched man will insert in his creed; and even regenerated minds are slow to make it their rule of action. But whoever surrenders himself to it, soon finds by sweet experiences that he never tasted the full enjoyment of God's gifts until he began to dispense them to others.

Of Mr. Matthew Wesley, the elder brother of John Wesley's father, very few facts are recorded. That he was a gentleman of considerable wealth, an eminent physician or surgeon, and a man of mark, we know. The following observation from his pen proves that he was also a close observer of human nature: "Never let any man know that you have heard what he has said against you. It may be he spoke on some misinformation, or was in a passion, or did it in compliance with the company; perhaps he has changed his mind, and is sorry for having said it, and may continue friendly to you. But if he learns that you are acquainted with what he has said, he will conclude you cannot forgive him, and upon that supposition will become your enemy." This bit of practical wisdom, implying as it does the spirit of that charity which "thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things," is worthy to be remembered by every disciple who seeks to "live peaceably with all men," especially with his brethren.

The pardon of the dying thief by our Lord when on the cross was an act of astounding mercy, but it was the result of a great and astonishing faith on the part of the thief. In the moment of our Lord's deepest humiliation, when even the faith of His disciples was for the moment paralyzed, this guilty man recognized His kingly and Messianic character, saying, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" Probably he was the only man in Jerusalem who in that hour of darkness and mystery believed that Christ had a kingdom. O mighty faith! No wonder it won a promise of pardon and paradise from the Master's pardoned lips; for He loves to be trusted. How it rebukes our timid faith which too often hangs tremblingly to the word of the now-en-throned Christ! Surely, we deserve the rebuke, "O ye of little faith," for our doubts and questionings, which must too often occasion grief in the loving heart of our ever faithful Redeemer.

Opportunities to perform deeds of mercy are angels, in that they move us to act as ministering spirits to the weak, the suffering, the needy, and the lost. We meet a discouraged friend, a tempted youth, a needy neighbor, a backsliding brother, or a pleasure-hunting sinner, to whom a word of cheer, a whisper of caution, a trifling gift, a timely rebuke, or an energetic appeal might be as effective on a human life as was Jacob's vision of the angels at Bethel to his character. But alas! how often we let these angels come and go, scarcely perceiving them, not regretting them until they are gone. This ought not to be. Whenever a disciple comes into communication with a fellow-creature, it is his duty to make it, if possible, an opportunity to impart a benediction, either by word or act, or if in no other way, by the spirit of his conversation. How speedily would this sinning world be won to Christ if no bad man's life could be touched by that of a Christian without being moved from the evil toward the right, the beautiful, and the true! Happy day will that be when it shall be said of all believers as Keble sings—

"New hearts before their Saviour's feet to lay,  
This is their first, their dearest joy;  
Their next from heart to heart to clear the way  
For mutual love without alloy;  
Never so blessed, as when in Jesus' roll  
They write some hero-soul,  
More pleased upon his brightening road  
To wait, than if their own with all his radiance glowed."

An old Spanish drama, *El Embudo* or *El Encapuchado*—literally, "He whose face is concealed by his cloak"—supposed to be by Calderon, has for its hero a kind of Cliffrino or Faust, who seeks wealth, fame, happiness, but is defeated in all his efforts, secretly pursued through all his life by a foe who ever eludes him. In course of time he becomes affianced to a lovely woman. His enemy succeeds in alienating the affection of his betrothed, and sows dissension between the two. Infuriated over this disaster, the injured man seeks to revenge himself; but *El Embudo* maintains his concealment. In an unforeseen hour, however, he appears unsummoned, throws aside his cloak, and stands revealed, an apparition of the deceased man's own self. "¡Siete satisfactos!"—"Are you satisfied?"—asks this reflection, this soul of the man. The man himself perishes with horror. The author of the drama had a deep insight into human nature; too deep, too somberly true, for our modern boards. There are men and women, alas! who have met, many who go to meet, this awful phantom of themselves. It will stand beside them in their last hour; in vain will they avert their gaze from it, or close their ears from its mocking but terrible question. Men engage in business that requires them to hoodwink their conscience; women give their days and nights to frivolity, recklessly disregarding their higher powers and capacities, neglecting their spiritual faculties, leaving unimproved, uncared for, all that might become noble and pure and excellent within them, and think that by thus enjoying, deceiving themselves, they can also escape from Him to whom their allegiance as sons and daughters is due; Him who is to pronounce judgment upon all the acts and hours of their lives. A day comes in which the fatal illusion is dispelled. It is announced by the apparition of their own souls. "Behold the result of your self-deception. Are you satisfied?" asks the soul of itself. What that follows can be more terrible than this initial scene in the drama a human being has imposed upon himself?

## THE PERMANENT RESULTS.

The centenary meetings seem to be opening in good earnest in various portions of the country. They naturally take on much the same character as the services held in 1866, commemorative of the introduction of Methodist preaching into this country. There is an almost inevitable tendency to denominational glorification. The simple figures of Methodism are amazing. The contrast between the sail-loft in John St., New York, and the tens of thousands of commodious and really elegant churches; between the humble Irish lay preacher and the more than twenty thousand ordained itinerant and local preachers; and between the congregation of five persons without wealth or social position and seventeen hundred thousand members, is something in itself so impressive that its simple utterance seems almost a form of self-congratulation.

But all personal boasting on the part of the present generation is excluded. We are not the heroes of this amazing result. We have had a very small part in bringing about such a condition of things. Other men, more devoted and self-sacrificing, of martyr courage and apostolic faith, won the victories the fruits of which we are permitted to enjoy. No thoughtful and conscientious member of the church of to-day can fail of feeling humbled as he recollects the consecration of the fathers and the self-forgetful labors which they undertook, or can avoid the question forced upon him by the hour—If others by heroic sacrifices have secured for you such a heritage, what are you doing to enlarge and perpetuate it and to hand it down in all its vigor to the generations still to come? The fact that the names of these honored ministers of the earliest years are so familiar to us all, and come involuntarily to our lips as we think of our early history, is significant. Why are they so well remembered? Who will mention our names with feelings of holy affection and gratitude a hundred years from now? What have we done, or what are we doing, to perpetuate the remembrance of ourselves longer than our names can be read upon crumbling grave-stones? One of the most appropriate services for a series of centennial meetings would be a day of fasting and prayer, of confession of personal unfaithfulness and worldliness, and of a new consecration to God and devout supplication that the mantle of the fathers might fall upon their children. What an impression upon the moral condition of the land and of the world would result from a general new inspiration and baptism of the Holy Spirit among all the people now bearing the Methodist name!

But the chief end of this year of denominational jubilee, beyond the great spiritual result just referred to, is not so much to remember the way the Lord has led us and to enumerate the great advancements in every direction which have been secured, nor even to arouse the old loyalty of our people, ministers and laymen, parents and children (although this is a very important end to be gained), but to raise everywhere permanent monuments of grateful remembrance. This epochal hour must not pass without

leaving some lasting tokens of its sincere recognition. It must not float away on the wings of a florid imagination, in clouds of inflated rhetoric, in paeans of self-laudatory praise and shouts of victory over fields already won by the courage and conduct of others. We owe too much to the Head of the church, and are too dependent upon His grace in the future, for this. It is due to our quickened gratitude, in memory of the fathers He bestowed upon us, and the goodly heritage which we have received through His providence, that we should erect some conspicuous symbols and write upon them: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The extent and wide distribution of this great denominational consecration of money to the Lord's treasury must depend largely, not upon the influence of great public assemblies, but upon the loyalty and earnestness of all our ministers in all their pastoral charges. We might well hang our heads in shame if we should fail at this point. Each man must feel a personal responsibility. The special objects for the benefit of which this centennial contribution is to be devoted are, or will be, clearly set forth by the appointed Conference committees. But the chief work must, after all, fall into the hands of the pastors themselves. It must not be left until the last moment, and then be disposed of in a simple public collection. It must be brought before official boards and be carefully considered. If possible, a subscription, great or small, should be obtained from every member of the church and every regular attendant upon our worship.

If this can be done, by the close of the year there will be another occasion for amazement and the singing of the doxology, and that will be the noble gift which the Lord will enable His people to place cheerfully and joyfully upon His altar.

## THE DEADNESS OF THINGS.

Mr. George J. Romanes, in his article upon "Man and Brute," in the *North American Review*, maintains the view "that the mind of man, like the mind of animals, and indeed like everything else in organic matter, has been evolved." "We have satisfactory evidence of these phenomena [of mind] having all been due to processes of natural and continuous development, the causation of which is now in large measure ascertained." He thinks that there is "a strong probability, if not an actual certainty . . . that the human mind itself is but the topmost inflorescence of one mighty growth, whose roots and stem and many branches are sunk in the abysses of planetary time."

But this wonderful inflorescence on this mighty growth, according to the science which advances the theory, can be nothing but matter, and its most marvelous achievements contain in them nothing but complexity of material movement. Matter and nothing else at the beginning; matter and nothing else throughout all the evolution which has produced the human mind, there can be nothing but matter in human thought and human action. Life can be nothing but motion in dead matter, and as, in common speech, life did not exist on earth before plants began, the earth is really dead to-day in every atom of its stable sphere, in every particle of the movable objects on its surface, and in every breath of its tenuous atmosphere. "The dead planet" is an imaginative description of the moon sometimes given. But, so far as human senses can discern, there is such a universal deadness of things on earth that the description of the satellite might be truthfully given to her primary. Nothing moves here unless something moves it. The fall of the first brick in the row causes the fall of all the others. Unless an object be hit by something else in motion and motion given to it, time will lengthen into eternity without seeing any change. No self-motion is possible. Observation of nature and of man, based on the latest scientific notions, supports this position.

Brick, hit by its fellow, falls. The falling and the felled are dead, helpless. Neither can hasten nor hinder the impulse which moves them, nor change it an iota. A stone, thrown, comes to the ground in a place fixed by the resultant of the throw and of gravity. The throwing hand and the thrown stone are both material, and the laws of matter alone fix the course of the motion. The deadness of matter reigns supreme. Watch the flames of a great fire. Infinite variety of action is here, but the deadness of things is as unbroken as in the depths of the Dead Sea or in the frozen headlands of the Arctic islands. These quick motions can all be explained by antecedent motions. Up leap the yellow tongues of fire, but they ascend because they are forced up. Some impulse in the matter below hits the matter above and forces it along, or the cool, denser air crowds upward

the lighter, heated air. But in all the glare, heat and uproar, everything is dead. Not a particle moves farther or quicker than it is forced to do by other particles hitting it. Put the fire in a locomotive engine. It heats the water, and the steam in the cylinders pushes the pistons to and fro. The great driving wheels obey, and the train of hundreds of tons is hurled along at a furious rate. But not an inch of progress is made that is not due to material laws, and the great mass is nothing but dead matter moving because something has forced it along. From the brain of the engineer to the hindmost truck, the only ultimate phenomenon is matter moving because something crowded it out of its place.

Look from the rush and roar of the locomotive to the excitement and commotion of battle. Close observation shows that everything here is dead also. Matter in human and animal bodies follows the same laws as all other matter. Force, coming from the brain, is transmitted along the nerves and moves the muscles. The measured tread of a marching regiment is merely the regularity of motion of a dead machine. Soldiers with their equipment from caps to boots are merely matter moving because it is forced to move. Horse and rider, cannon and caisson, illustrate the same fact. The dead bones in the vision of the prophet, which were clothed upon with flesh and stood on their feet a mighty army which no man could number, were no more truly dead at the beginning of the vision than are these galloping, clattering, furious men and horses. These objects move because they cannot help it. A complete chain of cause and effect can be traced through all their movements, binding them all into a series where the consequent is as inevitable after the antecedent as the fall of the second brick is after the fall of the first. Now musket and cannon discharge their deadly contents; but why dead in a world where everything is already dead? Musket-ball and cannon-shot fly only because powder forces them. They go only as far as they are pushed. The thunder of cannon is naught but a sudden disturbance of a dead atmosphere. The human body, torn and mutilated, prone and still, is no more dead really than the upright form in action. This is a world of matter, and on this battle-field the movements of matter are more varied and unusual than in other places. That is all. The deadness of things is omnipotent sovereign all the same.

The "City of Columbus," laden with material objects, strikes an immovable, dense mass of matter below her water line. Her momentum and strength of timbers, conflicting with the rock according to natural laws, result in a certain yielding of the hull. Liquid matter naturally seeks its level in the steamer, and she fills. The material objects on board, under natural laws of density of matter and transmission of momentum, are swept off and away. Their activity, their despair, their screams, their frenzied efforts to keep their places, are of no avail. Away they are hurried and never seen again, save when a few are found stretched on inhospitable beaches where the waves cast them. But there has been merely a changed aspect of a continual deadness. Dead before the shock, dead on the beach or on the ocean's floor, there has been no material change. Nothing has been lost. The man of science can find every particle of matter there the same as before. The despair and the screams were only material phenomena, interesting to a curious observer of natural law.

Again, modern science has achieved the greatest triumph of all ages, for it has solved the problem of the difference of mind and matter. It traces matter from nebula, through condensation, and evolution of mineral, vegetable, animal, and man with his mental powers, and says that mind and matter are the same. Everything is matter. Motion in matter is all that science can recognize. Thought is but motion in the brain. Some have considered it a secretion of the brain. Rain is the thought of the clouds, perhaps, and who knows who is speaking when it thunders? Reasonably, then, every tree is a dryad or nymph, and who can tell what the earth thinks? How can dead matter in one brain pass judgment upon dead matter in other brains? How can it affirm that certain processes within certain crania are thought, and that other more intense actions outside of crania are not equally entitled to the same classification? Nerve action is much slower than the electric current. The time can be measured in which a sensation travels from the extremity of a large animal to the brain and returns. Whose thought is the lightning, and whither does the hurricane propose to go? Why use the word "thought" at all? The generic term "motion" appears to cover the

ground. In what way can the dead matter of the brain weave the thing, word, idea, or whatever it is, "inflorescence?" One is puzzled in going backward and ever being on the point of seizing something, but never grasping it. The only resting-place seems to be in rejecting all talk of ideas and in falling back upon the conception of motion, leaving as the one unsettled and double question: Since something must remain unsettled, and it is better that there should be one question than many, how can dead matter think about dead matter, and what is "think?"

Accepting this as the only unsettled question (and dead matter is foolish to be questioning at all), we get almost on solid ground. This is a dead planet. Nothing moves on it unless moved by some other thing, and then it moves under rigid laws. Never is there any advance. No more of impulse can be found than has been put into matter. Plants, animals and men take matter into themselves, but they are all matter at the start, and their accretions come to them because a material force moves them and arranges them in their new places. Nothing on the face of the earth, in the sky above, or in the water beneath, can be found which is not dead, utterly and hopelessly helpless and inert, the victim of any impulse which may fall upon it. No life yields itself to the searcher. Nothing can be discerned but obedience to material law to the last iota of its mandates.

Whence came this great impulse, ever carrying on the planet and its satellite around the central sun, itself also in inconceivable motion, ever acting upon the surface of the earth and producing its manifold changes through countless centuries? Matter informs us not, and hence nothing can tell. This is the forced conclusion of finding in man nothing but what was in the star-mist before him. But man's conscious superiority to this conclusion is sufficient guarantee that it will never be accepted by him.

## BROOKLYN LETTER.

Commend me to an audience of preachers. Critical they certainly are, knowing circumspection, gush and logical afar, but none are keener in catching the good points of a discourse, none more Gospel hungry, and none kinder in their criticism. Every shop-window gazer can feel a charm in a good piece of silver cloisonné, but what eye so sharp and kind in its scanning as that of the artist who knows by actual trial what the hammer must show on the reverse of the glistening metal, if the beauty reach and keep the elusive lines of beauty. Called in the providence of God to preach henceforth by proxy rather than in person, the writer has lately had the rare privilege of sitting in a pew and looking at the worldward side of pulpit cloisonné.

Dr. O. H. Tiffany was my morning gospel at Summerfield Church last Sabbath. This society, organized by the late Charles Fletcher in a new neighborhood, had, unlike some of the downtown churches in New York, only to hold its own and see wealth and intelligence compass it about. The street on which its edifice stands is one of the few Brooklyn thoroughfares that have the shaded walks and detached residences so common in New England cities. The two residents we counted within the space of a block or so, sitting on front steps absorbed in Sunday papers, gave ocular proof, nevertheless, that the promulgation of the spiritual life is quite as much needed in this charming quarter as in noisome and forlorn districts. This obviously important pastorate passed at the last Conference from the care of Rev. W. L. Phillips, whose brilliant success here is widely known, to that of Rev. I. J. Lansing, in whose keeping such a trust is altogether safe. The pastor of the stately Madison Avenue Church, then, sits there behind the pulpit. Rising he announces the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross;" the organ breathes forth a holy melody, a precentor's voice suggests the time, and presently, with no quartet or chorus to molest or make afraid, hallowed song breaks out in all parts of the house. In the prayer the preacher gets help—from the chaste and noble language of the English liturgy, from the deep and exquisite words of Scripture, and from the immediate presence of the Divine Spirit. The text is not a novel one; the subject is trite—the Atonement. Dr. J. A. Alexander, indeed, told his students at Princeton once that Methodist preachers habitually picked out familiar themes: the crucifixion, Abraham's sacrifice, the deluge, and the like. This, then, was so far a typical Methodist sermon; text and theme both preached upon time out of mind. Yet it was patient that both were instantly engaging to this congregation. Strange phenomenon! A hundred times every one of us had heard about the divine method of removing sin, and here we all were listening for the one hundred and first time with breathless interest. Well could Paul afford to narrow his theme to the preaching of a crucified Christ. Gospel truth is familiar forthwith, but much in the same way as the taste of bread, the sound of music, the look of the sky.

Dr. Tiffany announced that President Buttz would conduct worship on the coming Sunday, and that he himself would be in the pulpit again a week thereafter. Bishop Andrews had charge of the services on the 10th inst. The presence of these eminent ministers in the month of August, when attendance is ordinarily at lowest ebb, is not accidental, but marks the settled policy of two or three of our Brooklyn churches. It need scarcely be added that these distinguished supplies are not asked to make long journeys from their distant resting places by mountain and sea, for their traveling expenses and a Sunday dinner. It is not an unknown thing for them to have a fifty-dollar note put into their hand at the close of the day's labors.

It was the Nostrand Avenue Church that began to set the example in this wise policy some two or three years ago. Indeed, it may be declared that this spirited and spiritual people are a model in all enlightenment and enterprise. Their edifice, erected at the beginning of Rev. G. E. Reed's pastorate three years ago, in exterior neatness and sobriety, in acoustics, lighting, ventilation and general internal convenience, pretty nearly all that a building of the kind ought to be. The present pastor, Rev. C. H. Buck, found the society in the full tide of prosperity—a prosperity due in no small degree to the unusual devotion of the preacher, who, on retiring from the pastorate last April, was able to make the remarkable statement that he had in three years spent nine hundred evenings with his people. The occupant of the pulpit last Sunday evening was Rev. A. J. Palmer, now finishing his second term at Park Avenue, New York, where he has helped build one of the most attractive and complete houses of worship in that city. As a representative of the newer generation of Methodist preachers, the speaker of the evening rewarded expectation. A written sermon lay on the Bible, and it was plain enough that he was reading closely at times. He made allusions to Jean Paul Richter, to Cicero and the Latin historians, and employed with a decidedly graphic effect one event in England's fourteenth, and another in France's nineteenth, century. His English was not that of Richard Watson, but had the Gallic and epigrammatic sprightliness of the editorial page of the current year. His liveliness made us indifferent to the written pages before him; like the Scotch woman who, challenged about her person's having read his sermon, replied that she "would not care if he had whistled it." Who, in fact, could find fault with a sermon-reader that ever and anon broke away from manuscript and desk, and with most impressive facial expression and natural action gave language a life and significance utterly beyond and above the power of careful words? Our church, facing her second century, has much to hope from her younger ministry. While happily innocent of the Johnsonian dialect for the most part, and using more and more the plainness of every-day speech, it is by no means wanting in demonstration of the Spirit and power.

How many another preacher during this vacation season is finding, in mountain school-house or little country church, or amid the weird play of light and shade and delicious echoes of camp-meeting auditoriums in inland forests or by the resounding seas, how sweet the miraculous bread he has been busily breaking, proves when broken to his own soul by other disciples of the Lord.

## BRIEF MENTION.

Rev. S. H. Platt, from Southampton, N. Y., issues his *Whispers of Peace*—a quarterly religious newspaper filled with illustrations of practical piety, and earnest in defence of the supernatural results of the prayer of faith in healing the sick.

The National Temperance Publishing House issues every month, to be used in the Sunday-schools the last Sabbath of the month, a leaflet temperance lesson. For the month of September the subject is, "An Unholy Feast—That of Belshazzar" (Dan. 5: 1-30). It is prepared by Dr. C. R. Blackall, 50 cents a hundred.

The *Missionary Review* for September and October has articles upon "New Guinea and its Missions," a review of foreign missions in 1882-3, the annual assemblies and foreign missions, and independent foreign missions, with a large amount of interesting missionary miscellany. Princeton, N. J.: Rev. R. G. Wilder.

The September *Art Amateur* comes promptly with its eight supplemental designs for ornamental work, tile and panel, with its frontispiece of decorative figures by F. Boucher. The "Note-book" gives the current art incidents, and the correspondence that of Boston. The departments of gallery, and studio, and household ornamentation have their usual variety, with a large amount of editorial miscellany. New York: Montague Marks, 23 Union Square.

We are indebted to Rev. R. F. Chew for a copy of his address before the Alumni Association of Vanderbilt University. Its topic is, "The Ends We Aim at." It is a sprightly discourse, rather discursive, and containing a very generous and even unjust reference to General Grant. Other than this, the local coloring is what might be expected from a manly and Christian Southerner.

Rev. Dr. Smart has disposed of his periodical—the *Lamp of Life*. It is now under the editorial charge of Rev. Joseph F. Berry. It is issued monthly on fine paper in a neat form, the August number being illustrated by an excellent portrait of Dr. J. M. Buckley. It is a purely religious sheet, and is well filled with solid contributions and selected miscellany.

Prof. C. T. Simpson, who graduated from the Boston University in 1882, and has been teaching at Nashville, Tenn., for two years past, has just been appointed to the chair of languages in New Orleans University. This institution is under the management of the Freedmen's Aid Society. Prof. Simpson's home is in Malden, Mass.

Rev. A. F. Hoyt, a graduate in arts of the Michigan University, and in theology of Boston University, has just been elected president of the New Orleans University. Bro. Hoyt is a member of the Detroit Annual Conference. He has supplied the following charges in New England: Ballardvale, South Framingham, Bryanville and Silver Lake, Allston, and Marshfield.

Bishop W. F. Mallallen, assisted by President Edward Thomson, of the M. E. College of Nebraska, and others, will hold a centennial meeting, in succession, in the five

districts of the Nebraska Conference. The chief object of the meetings, in addition to the recognition of the Divine providence in the history of the church, will be to raise a fund for the college to bear the honored name of the late Bishop Simpson. We trust the services will be attended with the largest success.

The September number of the *Pulpit Treasury* has a sermon by Rev. Dr. Jesse B. Thomas—a leading Baptist preacher of New York. A Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Witherspoon is a model of its kind. There is a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, and also by Rev. J. E. Johnson. Not the least valuable portion of this preachers' monthly is the very full homiletic department and sermon and religious miscellany. Edited by B. B. Treat, 757 Broadway. Price to clergyman, 50c.

Mr. John B. Alden sends out specimen pages of a great work upon the publication of which he has entered. It is entitled, "Alden's Manual Cyclopaedia of Knowledge and Language," with maps and illustrations. It combines the English Imperial Dictionary, with a condensed general cyclopaedia of knowledge, and concise Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish dictionaries. It is a great undertaking. It will make twenty octavo volumes, and in the cheapest form will be sold for \$1.50 a volume, or two volumes bound in one for \$2.

Dr. Dio Lewis writes from the Bible House, New York, Aug. 12:—

"I have at length gained possession of my magazine—*The Lewis's Monthly*. I have all communications to its editor or publisher, and all business about my books, must be addressed to Dio Lewis, Bible House, New York. Those who have sent money to others for *The Lewis's Monthly*, or for his books, and have received nothing in return, will please communicate with me at once."

Judge R. F. Crowell, who is spoken of as the probable successor of the late Hon. Jacob H. Ely, sixth auditor of the treasury for the Post-office Department, was born in Ware, Massachusetts, in 1839. He graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., in the class of 1857, and subsequently practiced law in St. Louis, Mo., serving one term as judge in probate of Ramsey County. In 1880-81, he was chief clerk in sixth auditor's office, and in 1881 was appointed deputy auditor. He is a brother of Rev. Loramus Crowell, D. D., of the New England Conference. A better appointment could not be made.

A very interesting missionary meeting was held on Friday evening in Tremont Temple, given by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, was presided over by Dr. J. E. Clough, Dr. C. M. Mason, and wife, on their return to their stations as missionaries of the Baptist Miss. Board, the former to the Telugu, at Ongole, India, and the others to the Garos, at Tura, Assam. Hon. Eustace C. Fitz was announced to preside, but sudden indisposition prevented his attendance, and his place was filled by Rev. J. N. Murdoch, D. D., secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who made an interesting opening address, being followed by Rev. M. C. Mason of Assam, who set forth the needs of his mission and the wide and promising field that was opening among the people with whom he and his wife had labored in the past. After the singing of a couple of hymns, short addresses were made by Rev. Drs. A. G. Lawson, E. K. Alden, G. J. Johnson, A. F. Mason, of Chicago, and T. M. Colwell, of Lowell, when a hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, was sung. Rev. Dr. J. E. Clough was then introduced and made an effective speech, the services being closed with a farewell address to the missionaries by Rev. Dr. Murdoch and the singing of the hymn, "Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim."

The Year Book of De Pauw University for 1884 contains a full and interesting history of the institution, a triennial record of the alumni, and of the faculty of the University from the beginning, with the usual catalogue of students and courses of study. It makes a neatly-printed pamphlet of over 300 pages. In all departments this flourishing institution, lately known as the Indiana Asbury University, has 332 students. It now commences a new campaign, very promising, and with largely increased facilities and endowments. For this, while the munificent endowment of Hon. W. C. De Pauw is the material foundation, the indefatigable efforts of the efficient president, Rev. Alexander Martin, S. T. D., LL. D., are to be largely credited.

The National Prison Association holds its annual service at Saratoga this year, Sept. 6 to 10, inclusive. On Sunday, the 7th, a sermon will be preached before the Association, and on the succeeding days addresses will be given and papers read upon "Christianity and the Criminal," "Inmate Extradition," "The Pardoning Power," "Prison Labor," "Progressive Sentences," "Prison Punishment," and "Incorrigible Criminals." These topics will be opened and discussed by gentlemen well known for their interest and experience in, and ability in the consideration of these important social questions. The United States Hotel will charge attendants upon the Association but \$3 a day, and even more favorable terms can be secured at the smaller houses. Further information can be obtained of W. M. F. Round, secretary, 165 Bible House, New York.

Rev. Dr. Crowell writes to the editor:—"Will you please say in the *HERALD* that I have received from Miss Abbie H. Short, ex-courtesy of the estate of Miss Sophia E. Short, a very recent and valuable edition of 86 pages, \$150—the amount of her legacy to the 'Preachers' Aid Society of the N. E. Conference. Since Dr. Crowell was for two years after his return broken in health, a member and minister of my church when pastor in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1884-5, and my pleasant personal acquaintance with Gershon F. in later years, I have been very anxious to have a portrait of the latter well preserved by a daughter of the latter will be pleasant and profitable reading not only for those who have known him personally, but for all who delight in well-written Christian biography."

"I have just finished reading 'Knights of the Cross,' the Twin Brothers, Melville B. and Gershon F. Cox.' Possibly the fact that the successor of Melville in the African Mission, Rev. Rufus Cox, D. D., was for two years after his return broken in health, a member and minister of my church when pastor in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1884-5, and my pleasant personal acquaintance with Gershon F. in later years, I have been very anxious to have a portrait of the latter well preserved by a daughter of the latter will be pleasant and profitable reading not only for those who have known him personally, but for all who delight in well-written Christian biography."

We read with the sincerest sympathy for the family the following item from the telegraphic news in the public press. No later intelligence comes from the sick bed of the venerable Doctor, who last week was reported to be at the verge of life. We almost hope he is so far unconscious as to be unaffected by this appalling incident:—

"D. D. Whedon, Jr., a son of Rev. Dr. Whedon, late editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, was found lying dead with a pistol by his side near his home in Elizabeth, N. J., Tuesday night. He had been missing since last Saturday night, and as he was a poor, pale and despondent, fearing that he was doomed to die of a cancer, there is no doubt that he killed himself. He had a wife and daughter to whom he was devoted, and was about to engage in business in Oregon."

Messrs. Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston, have just brought out the American copyrighted



edition of Mr. Axel Gustafson's great book on "The Drifted Question," which has already been accepted in England as the most complete book on the subject yet made. The prominent reviews have pronounced it the fairest, most exhaustive, freshest and most original of all the literature on the subject that has yet appeared. Its accuracy is vouched for by the best physiologists and physicians. Mr. Gustafson is a Swedish birth, but a graduate of Harvard University. He has won high distinction as a student and as a political writer of marked eminence. The price of the book will be \$2; \$2.15 by mail.

The leading article in the *North American Review* for September is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government" is morality, not culture of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor the development of material resources; and that if the country is to be saved from ruin, there must be a return to the uncompromising moral code of the founders of New England. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is defended and urged by John B. Durr, who presents an array of arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Shearman, J. B. Sargent, and Prof. W. G. Sumner, set forth, from nearly every conceivable point of view, the "Evils of the Tariff System," and it is announced that in the *Review* for October several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the "Benefits of the Tariff System." The other articles in the current number are: "The Domestic of Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Inspiration and Infidelity," by Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance; "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and "Our Remote Ancestry," by Prof. Alexander Winchell.

The Commissioner of Education has requested the president of the Froebel Institute of North America to arrange for the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans an exhibit of the character and status of the kindergarten. Such an exhibit involves, as its chief feature, an actual kindergarten in operation during the six months of the Exposition, before the eyes of all who may wish to study its working. For obvious reasons, this kindergarten should in all its appointments be as complete, as near the ideal as possible. The Exposition will furnish a building for the purpose indicated, the Bureau of Education will defray the expenses of transportation, but the funds for the conduct of the kindergarten must be provided by benevolent friends who appreciate the missionary character of the enterprise. In order to open and carry on one of the kindergartens proposed, it will be necessary to provide \$2,000; the second kindergarten will call for \$1,000 more. A portion of this sum is already promised. For the purpose of raising the remainder, the Froebel Institute appeal for aid to all who see in educational progress the safeguard of the free and humane spirit of our institutions. Contributions of five dollars or less may be sent at once to the president of the Froebel Institute, W. N. Hallmann, La Porte, Indiana. On the first day of November or sooner, a corps of efficient teachers will proceed to New Orleans, to take charge of the work during the six months of the Exposition. They will prepare monthly reports of the condition and progress of the work, and these reports, together with a monthly financial statement, will be sent to all who may have subscribed two dollars or more to the fund.

The usually clear-brained editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate* has, in some way, become sadly mixed, in a short article headed "Gas Money," in his issue of Aug. 23d. The article to which he refers was not written by a negro, nor did it appear in the *Southeastern Advocate*, but by the white editor of the *Chattanooga paper*. Dr. Taylor has never complained of the editor of *Zion's Herald* for practically turning a cold shoulder to the colored brother, and has had no occasion to do so. The editor of the *Herald* never dreamed of such an act. The editor of the *Chattanooga paper* "strained out a gnat" when he vainly attempted to find an occasion to hit New England.

The National Holiness meeting at Old Orchard opened the 19th, with a sermon by Rev. Wm. McDonald, president of the Association. His associates are: Bros. Watson, Gill, Pepper, Short, Lindsay, Alderman, McLean, Woods, Munger, and others. The best spirit has prevailed, and the increasing interest gives promise of one of the best meetings ever held on the grounds. Dr. Watson's Bible readings, given the first afternoon hour, are seasons of special interest. His reading Saturday was the Law and the Pentecost of the Gospel, in which the superiority of the latter was brought out with great force. Dr. Pepper's sermon Saturday forenoon, on God's way of Christian life, in distinction from will worship, was a most able and practical presentation of the subject. Such teaching is proof against both mysticism and fanaticism. Bishop Taylor's sermon Saturday afternoon on Christian life, as illustrated by St. Paul, was a delightful analysis of Pauline character and a good outline of the autobiography of the speaker. Bishop Taylor's graphic pictures of St. Paul are easily conceived to be the sketches of his own inner consciousness. The church will look with intense interest on the development of his Pauline theory in Africa. The meeting this year lacks the fervid eloquence of Bro. Isak, but the power of truth is apparent in all the congregations, and the best results can be expected from this holiness meeting at Old Orchard.

Dr. Cullis, who for seven years has been holding a holiness convention at Old Orchard, has opened a park in the White Mountains and commenced his meetings here Wednesday of last week. He has associated with him a committee representing the several evangelical denominations. An important feature of this convention is the evening preachers' meeting conducted by the Doctor. About fifty preachers, representing almost every phase of Gospel truth, are present at the meeting. Questions of doctrine and experience are freely discussed at these meetings, and they are usually settled on the knees before God. While the subject of healing by faith often comes to the surface in this convention, the most prominent truth is holiness to the Lord. Healing by faith is taught as the privilege of believers. The sermon of greatest power was by Dr. Cullis on "Obedience to God." Its influence on the congregation was remarkable. Mrs. Rev. Dr. Bottom, of New York East Conference, is on the Doctor's committee, and is rendering efficient service. Dr. Cullis is fortunate in the selection of his grounds, and present

indications point to a beautiful summer resort at this place. Camp-meeting John Allen added three to his list of camp-meetings last week. At Freeman he preached twice last Sabbath, and again at Dr. Cullis' meeting Thursday evening. Old Orchard holiness meeting is his 350th camp-meeting.

## MAINE.

Jay.—The annual reunion of the Parker family in Jay, Franklin Co., Me., Aug. 13, was an occasion of much interest, and from the fact of the prominence of its members for many years in the M. E. Church, we deem it worthy of a brief notice in the *HERALD*. Scarborough Parker, the founder of the Maine branch of this family, settled in this town in 1798. He was accompanied by his father, Jonathan Parker, who won Revolutionary fame as a leader in the Boston Tea Party and in capturing cannon from the British artillery in the siege of Boston.

The reunion took place at the home of Cyrus Parker, the worthy grandson of this noble patriot. The direct descendants of Scarborough Parker, with their married kinsmen, now number about two hundred, of whom seventy-five were present. It is a very remarkable fact, with scarcely a parallel in history, that of this large family nearly all early became interested in religion and are enrolled as members of one church. To their sterling integrity, eminent piety, and firm devotion to the doctrines of Methodism, the church of this place is mostly indebted for its growth and prosperity. They have always been noted for their generous hospitality and ardent love for the church. All former pastors must recall with pleasure their pleasant homes and cordial greetings that lightened their burdens and cheered their hearts in the noble service of the Master. Several members of the family hold high and responsible positions as teachers, physicians and clergymen, and the family as a whole is noted for its intelligence and activity, in the church and society.

Cyrus Stone, D. D., the grandson of Scarborough Parker, was president of the day, and introduced the exercises with very appropriate remarks. An oration was delivered by E. Cheney, M. D., of Boston, one of the faculty of the Medical College. His wife is a member of this family. The theme was "Concord." It was highly appreciated, and many of his points were very apt and forcible. A brief but beautiful poem was written for the occasion by Mrs. Ellen Hatch Parker, formerly preceptress of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Ken's Hill. Miss F. Eva Pike, who has charge of the Medical Department of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, superintended the music. Interesting letters were read from absent members, some of whom were far away. Altogether it was one of those seasons precious to memory in all the coming years. One of the brothers remarked, "This is heaven to me," and truly it was a type of that glad reunion around the Father's throne, in the family mansion of an eternal brotherhood. Long may the Parker family live to bless the world and carry sunshine and happiness into thousands of homes! May their seed become, like Abraham's, as numberless as the sands of the seashore, and their faith, godly zeal and usefulness be as conspicuous in all the generations which follow!

M. E. K.

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## EAST MAINE.

Eastport.—Bro. Smiley has been sorely afflicted of late. His active and much-respected wife has been laid on a sick bed for several weeks. The old Methodist Church, the oldest church in town, has been taken down, and preparations are being made to erect a larger and handsomer edifice. Hopes are entertained of finishing it by November. An interesting quarterly meeting was held here on the 12th, presided over by Bro. Libby. Bro. Anderson, of Pembroke, delivered an able and interesting discourse on the church's duty to "Work as well as Pray," from Exodus 14: 15.

Pembroke.—An interesting Sunday-school concert was held here Aug. 10. The house was crowded. Great credit is due to the ladies for the interesting exercises and due decorations. The pastor, Bro. Anderson, although not very strong as yet, is in labors abundant. His able sermons and pleasing address are securing for him universal esteem. Repairs in the church and the purchase of a parsonage are being talked of.

Edmunds.—Bro. Anderson preached here last Sunday in exchange with the pastor, and his sermons were highly appreciated. An interesting concert was held, and the house was filled. Over two hundred persons attend the Sabbath services regularly. A new organ has lately been placed in the church. Efforts are being made to purchase it, and the services of a fine player have been secured, which, it is hoped, will create a continued interest.

Machias.—Preparations are being made for an interesting temperance concert, to be preceded by an address on temperance in the afternoon. Bro. Baldwin is universally liked—could not be otherwise. Sociability will win when all other means fail.

East Machias.—Bro. Smith is about moving to his new home. May all be pleasant, and great harvests for the Master result! The following ministers are expected to be present and preach at the camp-meeting in this place, commencing Sept. 1: Revs. Carter, Anderson, Baldwin, Nanton, Hale, Haskill, Hanscom, Smiley, Mitchell, Wilkins, and Whitney. Let us all come praying, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, eager and willing to work, and let East Machias camp-ground ring with shouts of victory on this centennial year of Methodism.

ASBURY GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

The report of this meeting given on the second page of the *HERALD*, brings us up to Monday morning.

The day opened cloudless and hot. The morning meetings in the tents were continued with unabated interest. At 10 o'clock a large audience for Monday morning assembled at the stand to listen to a sermon preached by Rev. F. T. Pomeroy, of Marblehead, from 1 Cor. 13: 1. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It was an able sermon, holding the closest attention of all.

Miss Clara P. Cushman, on a visit home from Pekin, China, spoke at one o'clock, at the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held at the stand. She said every night the gates of Pekin swung to at night, a million souls were shut within the city's walls who burned incense to idols. These people need help and sympathy and prayer. Christianity is many handed; it is not only pulling down heathen temples, but removing the bandages from the feet of the women of China. She described the work of her school of 48 girls in Pekin. The cost of a girl's schooling for a year was \$30. The influence of the school is being felt; mothers are now heard saying they are not going to bind the feet of their girls, for they are going to the school. Two girls are supported in the school by the Asbury Grove auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

At 2:30 P. M. Rev. W. P. Odell, of Salem, preached from Romans 3: 28, taking for his theme, "Justification by Faith." A large number came forward as penitents at the close of the session. The altar service was continued until near the supper hour, and there were a goodly number of conversions.

Union meetings were held in many of the tents at 6 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock, Rev. Elijah Hor, D. D., of Chelsea, preached from Matthew 27: 22: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" The speaker said in opening that he had just learned that the text had been used by one of the preachers at the stand in his absence, but that it was too late for him to change his subject. His sermon was an eloquent one, and at its close another altar service was conducted by Rev. L. B. Bates. Some twenty-five or more penitents responded to his invitation to come forward for prayers. All were not new cases, but many were.

Tuesday morning, the people were glad to see the face of Dr. William Butler. Dr. Thayer introduced him with appropriate and feeling words, which led Dr. Butler to say in reply that it was not the best way to prepare him to preach by breaking up his feelings with such kind words; but the words were very gratifying all the same. He took for his text Isaiah 35: 10: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." It was a sermon of remarkable power. It was copiously illustrated by what he had seen in India and Jerusalem, and left a

deep and holy impression on all that heard.

At 1 o'clock the Woman's Home Missionary Society held a meeting at the stand, which was addressed by Mrs. Dr. R. S. Rust and Mrs. Dr. Brown of Cincinnati. Great interest was awakened by the speakers in the work of this society, which was recognized by the General Conference at its last session. Auxiliaries will be organized this fall in many of the churches in this section of the Conference. Quite a list of subscribers was obtained for the *Woman's Home Mission*, a paper published in the interest of the work of the society.

At 2:30 P. M. Bishop William Taylor preached from Psalm 40: 1, 2: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." No report can give an adequate thought of this unique and powerful sermon. At its close the Bishop conducted an altar service, and penitents and seekers for heart purity crowded to the altar.

At 7 P. M. Dr. A. McKenna preached from 2 Cor. 8: 9: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." It was a clear and eloquent presentation of salvation through Christ.

At 10 A. M. on Wednesday Rev. F. D. Gunsauls, of the Central Congregational Church of Newton, preached one of the best sermons of the week. He took for his text, Rev. 19: 16: "And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh a name written: King of Kings and Lord of Lords." His subject was the "kingdom of Jesus," and was listened to with closest attention. The eloquent words of the speaker, as he unfolded his theme, produced a marked effect upon all. Rev. Elijah Hor, D. D., conducted the altar service that followed the sermon.

At 2:30 P. M. Rev. J. D. Pickles, of Melrose, preached. He stated that he had no text, but he took for his subject the life, character and work of Elijah. He told the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. He drew the following lessons: 1. That great crises find great men to meet them. This point he illustrated by Luther, Knox, Wesley and others. 2. Circumstances are no excuse for sin. 3. God still answers by fire. Rev. John Peterson, of Newburyport, preached in the evening from the text, Psalm 94: 8: "When will ye be wise?" It was a fitting sermon to the impressions made by the previous sermons of the day.

The last day of the feast was Thursday. A love-feast was held at the grand stand at 8:30 A. M., which was especially interesting on account of the reminiscences given by Dr. L. R. Thayer, who was one of the originators of the meeting in this grove twenty-five years ago. At 10 A. M. Rev. George S. Chadbourne, D. D., of Cambridgeport, preached an able and practical sermon from Acts 17: 6: "Those that have turned the world upside down have come hither also; it needs to be turned upside down." Union meetings were held in the tents at one o'clock.

At 2:30 P. M. Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., of New York, preached from John 12: 32-33: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. This he said signifying what death he should die." His theme was, "The drawing power of the lifted Christ." It was a sermon of great power, and held the large audience that filled the auditorium in closest attention.

At 7 P. M. Rev. Dr. Thayer preached the closing sermon from Rev. 3: 21: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on my throne." It was a practical talk, interspersed with many illustrations from his own early religious experience. His words of counsel were eminently wise for the closing service. Revs. N. B. Fisk, of Woburn, and Dr. Elijah Hor, of Chelsea, followed in exhortation, and the meeting closed at 9 P. M.

The attendance at the services from first to last was large, and the interest increased until the meeting closed. The sermons were practical and sound in doctrine. We never heard better sermons at a camp-meeting. There was no attempt at display and rhetorical effect, but rather a heartfelt desire and purpose to win sinners to Christ, and lead Christians into holy living for God. We never heard better singing at camp-meeting. Much credit is due to the choir and to the leader, J. M. Kelly, of Lynn. He was always at his place and was not weary in his work.

It is impossible to tell the number of conversions, but the number was large. Many Christians were sanctified, and, without doubt, revivals will spring up as the result of the wonderful meeting in Asbury Grove. God be praised for the victory won, and the souls saved!

MANSFIELD.

LAKE VIEW CAMP-MEETING.

The exercises of this camp-meeting opened Monday evening, Aug. 11, with a highly appropriate sermon by the presiding elder of the Boston district, Rev. J. W. Lindsey, D. D., on "Being Laborers together with God." On Tuesday morning a remarkably eloquent and impressive discourse was preached by Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., of Lynn, on "God dwelling with His People." God needs a human heart in which to dwell. The human heart needs to have God dwell in it. In the afternoon a pointed and practical sermon was delivered by C. H. Hanford, of Saxonville, on "The Elements of Spiritual Prosperity." The evening sermon was a very stirring one by Rev. Wm. Full, of South Framingham, on "Christ in you, the Hope of Glory."

On Wednesday morning an unusually able and practical sermon was preached by Rev. W. I. Haven, of Newton Centre, on "The Spiritual Faculty in Man;" its universality, possessed in different measures (Continued on page 8.)

**Facts are Stubborn Things.**

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and judge for yourself of its superiority.

**Money Letters from Aug. 16 to 23.**

B. S. Arty, Jas. Andrews, J. W. Burdell, J. M. Blake, F. J. Craigie, J. Eakins, W. H. Fox, M. R. Fox, D. G. Gether, O. Kelly, R. L. Nanton, H. M. Richards, N. M. Searsville, D. D. Smith.

**IMPORTANT.**

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and \$5. Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best Home Cook, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Pantries can be better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city. 340

**Marriages.**

[Marriages notices over a month old not married.]

CLARK—WETMORE.—At the Parsonage of the First M. E. Church, Boston, July 16, by Rev. F. A. Crafts, Avery, Herbert M. Barrett and Beattie Wood, both of Concord, Mass.

BARRETT—WOOD.—In this city, Aug. 25, by Rev. S. Cushing, Herbert M. Barrett and Beattie Wood, both of Concord, Mass.

TURNER—TREADWELL.—At Maynard, Aug. 16, by Rev. S. Cushing, James W. Turner, of Maynard, and Eva Treadwell, of East Dover, Me.

**Business Notices.**

**SARATOGA SPRINGS.**

**DRS. STRONG'S INSTITUTE.**

Open all the year for patients or boarders permanent or transient.

**Popular Summer Resort.** Location delightful and central. Table and appointments first-class. Society men and cultured. Summer home for families. Bath department complete and elegant, affording the only Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electrotherapeutic baths in Saratoga. 28

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla? Try it.

**Church Register.**

**HERALD CALENDAR.**

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness every Monday, at 12:30 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.

Poland Camp-meeting (to continue one week), commences Aug. 25

Camp-meeting at Asbury Grove, Northport (per vote of Association), begins Aug. 25

Wilmington Camp-meeting, Aug. 25-30

Richmond, Va., Camp-meeting, Aug. 25-30

Stirling Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 25-30

Hedding Camp-meeting, at East Epping, N. H., Aug. 25-30

Piscataway Valley Camp-meeting, Aug. 25-30

Essex Grove Camp-meeting, East, Aug. 25-30

Poland, Aug. 25-Sept. 1

East Machias Camp-meeting, commences Sept. 1

Livermore Camp-meeting, Sept. 1-6

North Andover Camp-meeting, Sept. 1-6

Groveton Camp-meeting, Sept. 1-6

Foxcroft Camp-meeting, Sept. 1-6

**QUARTERLY MEETINGS.**

BANGOR DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

Field and Barnham, 31.

SEPT.

Levan, 7; P. E. Brown, 21;

Harmony, 7; Edgerton, 13; p. m.

Main Street, 7; eve;

Hauppauge, 27, 28;

OCT.

Newport, 4, 5;

Winterport and Nealey's,

Clifford;

Corner, 19, by B. C.

Carleton, 19, at 1;

Wentworth;

Fort Fairfield, 19, eve;

Moro, 20, by B. C. West;

Fort Fairfield, 20, a. m. by

Wentworth;

H. Crawford;

Danforth, 20;

Monticello, 19, by B. P. Tappan, 20, by J. T. Tappan;

Gardner;

NOV.

Forest City, 1, 2;

Oldtown, 1, 2, by G. H. 3, by A. Prince;

A. Prince;

Dexter, 10, M.

G. R. PALMER.

NOTICE.—The date of holding the Piscataway Valley Camp-meeting has been changed from Sept. 5, to Aug. 29.

PAT ORDER.

NOTICE.—The Woman's Home Missionary Society has just issued three very interesting leaflets. One is a shaded map, showing where the illiterate masses of our population may be found, with official statistics of the States and Territories, accompanied by a statement of the objects and plans of the Society. Another is the address of Rev. Alexander Cummel, pastor of St. Luke's church, Washington, D. C., delivered at Ocean Grove last summer. This, perhaps, the best and clearest statement that has been published of the condition and needs of the colored women of the South. The third shows the action taken by the late General Conference to regard the woman's work in the church. These papers should be read by every woman in the country. Persons desiring them will be supplied, free of cost, if they will drop a card to the corresponding secretary, Mrs. R. S. Rust, 319 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

## CHAUNCEY-HALLS SCHOOL.

259 BOYLSTON STREET.

The oldest of the Boston private schools will begin its next year Sept. 17. The New Catalogue gives a full account of the great *Care for Health*; the thorough preparation for College, for Business, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the facilities for Special Students; and the unusual arrangements for Girls and for Young Children.

The building is situated in the most elegant part of the city, and where there are no temptations to lead to bad habits. Parents desiring for their sons and daughters the personal attention of private schools and the discipline and varied associates of public schools, will find both combined at Chauncey Hall.

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## BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

School of Theology.

Free tuition and rooms. J. E. Latimer, D. D., Dean.

School of Law.

Largest full-course Law School in America. E. H. Bennett, LL. D., Dean.

School of Medicine.

Thorough and progressive. I. T. Talbot, M. D., Dean.

College of Liberal Arts.

Choicest advantages. Sixty free scholarships. W. E. Huntington, Ph. D., Dean.

School of All Sciences.

For graduates only. President W. F. Warren. Address as above, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

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## BERKELEY SCHOOL.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

Cor. Boylston and Berkeley Sts.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Primary, Grammar, and High School Departments. Courses arranged for special students.

Opens September 22.

Fits for College, Inst. of Technology, and Business. Principals can be seen daily from 10 to 12. Circulars on application.

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## Mass. Institute of Technology.

BOSTON.

Regular four-year courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Chemistry,



## The Family.

### AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

It was her wedding day, but all above us  
Black, threatening clouds were hanging low;  
The wind with shriek and moan went sweeping  
By, and the elm-tree branches to and fro.  
And told the rain the rain fell cold and dreary,  
And beat the petals from the fairest flowers;  
While all the blossoms, bending faint and weary,  
Were torn and broken in those stormy hours.

We wondered why for one so happy-hearted  
Should dawn a wedding day so full of gloom;  
Why did we sigh, as when fond friends are parted,  
Or hearts sink with presentiments of doom?  
The day was waiting when the clouds were lifted,  
In sudden glory o'er the rain-drenched world.

Then o'er her life there fell the rain of sorrow,  
And love's sweet flow'ers were beaten down and torn;  
Each night she hoped the sun would shine to-morrow—  
A hope that perished ever with the morn.  
'Twas late; the rain still fell with ceaseless sobbing,  
Her once brave heart sank low beneath the blast;

And we who listened to its slow, faint throbbing,  
Knew that her weary day was done at last.  
Then on her face the look of pain and sadness  
Gave place to one of heavenly delight—  
A look so full of holy peace and gladness,  
We knew the stormless life was in sight.  
The clouds were lifted and a flood of glory  
Shone o'er her face divinely bright.

No more the storm, no more life's bitter cry;  
It was the evening-time, and there was light.

### HOW TO READ.

BY LILLIAN M. MUNOIR.

#### SECOND PAPER.

We must remember the principle at which we arrived in our last paper—that the object of our reading is intellectual growth. The greater part of real growth and real culture is obtained after school days are ended, and largely through the reading habit.

We do not wish to undervalue the helpful influences of actual contact with living men and women, as necessary to a full comprehension of the significance of life, but to most of us, destitute of this stimulus, the greatest forming element of our lives is the power to use books. The reading and thinking ability is not, in most cases, a natural gift, but the result of long practice and a systematic course of study, the object of which is to cultivate just this capacity. For its development, we need all the energy, the persistence, and the faith of which our natures are capable. It is impossible for one person to suggest to another arbitrary methods for doing any kind of work, much less work whose mission is soul culture. But to certain general principles forming a basis for individual operation, we may turn our attention.

In the first place, set apart an hour for this work when you are least likely to be disturbed, and, except in cases of absolute need, suffer no interruptions. Let it be understood by yourself and your friends that this portion of the day is sacredly devoted to a purpose, and its observance becomes easy.

Now, without any disloyalty to the conservative principles of the kitchen pot, I would advise you to appropriate to the accomplishment of this bit of mental activity a portion of the morning. Then you have not exhausted, in the ironing, for instance, all your vital energy so indispensable to the doing of effective brain work. The question uppermost in your mind to-day is, "How can I read this book so as to get the most good out of it, the most help and the most growth?" It is to be hoped that it has a good index, and that you have carefully read the topics to be considered in the chapter which you propose to study, so that you may know as definitely as possible what is to be considered therein.

Let us make this matter specific by supposing that the first chapter proposes a question, the answer to which is to be treated at length. Observe these cautions: First, do not begin the demonstration until you thoroughly understand the drift of the question. Second, note carefully each step of the argument, trying to comprehend in what degree, and in what manner, it affects the original inquiry. Let comprehension be your motto, discarding the element of time.

The question is finally answered, probably leaving upon your mind a vague impression. Assure yourself to the contrary by trying to express in your own words the thought of the author, this being the next essential step. The thought is not your thought, the lesson is not learned, until, in clear, equivalent language, you can express the substance of what you have been reading. Here, I believe, is the test of whether you will succeed in learning how to read and how to think. It is not an easy lesson to learn, nor a swift one. It requires a concentration of thought and a persistence of activity which few are disposed to expend, though the compensation be so great. This attempt, too, to reproduce in appropriate language the thought of another, is one of the surest means of learning to converse—an art to obtain which is worth great sacrifice.

Cultivate the habit of keeping a notebook in which to summarize, in some methodical way and from memory, if you would get the best results, the essence of what you have been studying. I anticipate your complaint, that it will take so long to read a book in this way. Mushroom growth is not the usual condition of nature. The earth was not formed in a life-time, and you have all eternity in which to grow.

Encourage yourself, however, with the thought that this mastery of one good book means more to you than the

partial comprehension of scores. If you mean honest work, you must learn "to possess your souls in patience." Read, think, express, summarize, unimpaired of the progress of time. When you can do this, be assured that you have gained mental culture; that the process of assimilation has been accomplished, and that the repetition of this *regime ad infinitum* is the only royal road to the attainment of your object.

### FOREST FIRES.

BY S. W. POWELL.

Every year brings us nearer to the time when good workable timber will be scarce and high. Canada's resources are about as nearly exhausted as our own, and Europe must import rather than export. The forests of the Southern and Pacific States will not prove exhaustless when attacked with the frightful expeditions and apparatus of Michigan and Wisconsin lumbering, stimulated by the demand sure to be created by the swift increase of our population; and, what is even a greater danger, such lumbering is too hasty and too eager for the last dollar of present profit to clear up tops, limbs, etc. This rubbish, especially in coniferous forests, soon becomes dry as tinder, and spreads and intensifies among forest fires, which may get started, in a frightful way.

It is a great subject, but we have only space for two suggestions:—First, everybody should constitute himself a committee of one to take care of and get others to take care not to set or leave fires, especially when changing camp in the woods.

Second, we must make up our minds to much more stringent legislation, making the setting of fire in the woods punishable by imprisonment as well as by fine; we should compel lumbermen to take care of their rubbish, and railroads to use no locomotives that can scatter sparks.

### DISCONTENT.

THE BIRCH ROSE.

I cling to the garden wall  
Outside, where the grasses grow;  
Where the tall weeds flaunt in the sun,  
And the yellow mallow blows.  
The clock and the clock tower  
Close to my shrinking feet,  
And the gypsy yarrow shares  
My cup and the food I eat.

The wind whistles low and low,  
The way-side dust lies white  
And thick on my leafy crown.  
I cannot keep my robes  
From the wind's fingers free,  
And the veriest beggar dares  
To stop and gaze at me.

Sometimes I climb and climb  
To the top of the garden wall,  
And I see her where she stands,  
Stately and fair and tall—  
My sister, the red, red Rose,  
My sister, the royal one,  
The fairest flower that blows  
Under the summer sun!

What wonder that she is fair?  
What wonder that she is sweet?  
The treasures of earth and air  
The choicest fare is hers,  
Her cup is brimmed with wine;  
Rich are her emerald robes,  
And her bed is soft and fine.

She need not lift her head  
Even to sip the dew;  
No rude touch makes her shrink  
The whole long summer through.  
Her servants do her will;  
They come at her beck and call.  
Oh, rare is life in my lady's bowers  
Inside of the garden wall!

THE GARDEN ROSE.

The garden path runs east,  
And the garden path runs west;  
There's a tree by the garden gate,  
And a little bird in a nest.  
It sings and sings and sings!  
Does the bird, I wonder, know  
How, over the garden wall,  
The bright days come and go?

The garden path runs north,  
And the garden path runs south;  
The brown bee hums in the sun,  
And the blue bird sings about.  
But it flies away ere long  
To the birch-tree dark and tall.  
What you find, O brown bee,  
Over the garden wall?

With ruff and farrington,  
Under the garden's eye,  
In trimmest guise I stand—  
Oh, who so fine as I?  
But even the light wind knows  
That it may not play with me,  
Nor touch my beautiful lips  
With a wild care and free.

Oh, straight is the garden path,  
And smooth is the garden bed,  
Where never an idle weed  
Dares lift its careless head.  
But I know outside the wall  
Against the blue of the sky,  
They dance and flutter and sing,  
And I listen all day long.

The birch tree swings outside;  
Sometimes she creaks so high  
I can see her sweet pink face  
Against the blue of the sky.  
What wonder that she is fair,  
Whom no strait bonds enthrall?  
Oh, rare is life to the birch tree,  
Outside of the garden wall!

—JULIA C. B. DORR, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

### Our Girls.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

"The occasions in our lives are exceedingly rare and exceptional, when given intelligence and conscientiousness, we are in doubt concerning our duty. This duty may be unpleasant and hard to perform, but it usually shapes itself with such power and accuracy that we cannot mistake it unless we purposely deaden our faculties."

Young Mrs. William Gage listened to the sermon from which the above is an extract with her whole heart and soul. Mr. Gage, one of the most upright and sweet-natured of men, wondered a little at his wife's interest in this particular sermon. It seemed to him rather dry, as well as a work of supererogation for a minister to inform his people that it was an exceptional thing for a man to be in doubt about his duty. To this layman it was not even exceptional; it was impossible. The speaker had hit it right when he said that it was usually hard to do one's duty. Of course it was, and this was the reason that made folks talk about not knowing their

duty. There were none so blind as those who would not see.

Mrs. Gage's cheery, intellectual face was saddened as she walked home arm in arm with her husband. She had hoped against hope for some word which would prove a light to her path.

"Fair sermon," said Mr. Gage, "but not so good as usual. What did you think of it?"

"I do not think it is so easy to know one's duty," his companion replied.

"But you are not troubled about your duty, my dear," said her husband. "You have no great question awaiting decision. It is your duty to make your husband happy. So far, I believe, this duty has proved a pleasure. But, Mar- ton, I suppose that if it ceased to be a pleasure, it would still be your duty."

"I presume it would," Mrs. Gage responded, more gravely than was her wont. "But suppose, William," she added, after a moment's reflection, "that while I considered it my chief happiness to make you happy, I found that there were other worthy objects to live for besides this?"

"I don't think I quite understand you," Mr. Gage replied, a little coolly.

"But such questions are constantly coming into the lives of married people. What if a wife finds that it does not take all her time, and absorb all her faculties, to minister to her husband's comfort? What is her duty in that case? Should she waste all this time and allow her intellect—which God gave her as surely as He gave her a heart—to grow sluggish and benumbed for lack of proper use? I tell you it is not so easy to know one's duty."

"I hope I haven't married a Booriboola Gha woman," Mr. Gage answered laughing. "I shouldn't know what to do with a wife who harked after a mission. Surely, a woman can always find occupation. She can do her own householding if she is so eager for labor."

Marion Keveret, before becoming Mrs. William Gage, had been a successful teacher. In this respect she was very gifted, and her loss had proved an irreparable one to the school she had been connected with. Her old position at an advanced salary was hers, she knew, at any moment she might express a willingness to occupy it. She had a pretty little house, artistically furnished, a clever servant in her convenient kitchen, and her husband left the house regularly at 9 A. M., and did not return till 6 P. M. She could not read and dust and mend and sew and visit and receive calls all the time. If she had been possessed of a literary talent, her surroundings would have been most congenial. But she was not; neither was she a woman with a talent for housekeeping. She was a born teacher, with nobody to instruct. Some days seemed a month long. She had already grown dispirited, and was fast becoming morbid. She often wondered how many years it would take to bury a strong, vital, domineering talent, such as she knew hers to be. She felt it extremely likely that everything else would go by the board first. No wonder that this woman was looking for a wise word to be dropped by somebody. She knew that she loved her husband with all her heart. How would he feel, she asked herself, with his great physical and mental activity and business ability, to be mewed up in a house all day, engaged in a trifling occupation which three hours a week would suffice to accomplish? Was it her duty, because it was disagreeable to her, to live this kind of a life, or was it not? Who could tell her? It had not occurred to Mrs. Gage to bring this matter to the attention of her husband. The fact was, that on several occasions since their marriage, Mr. Gage had expressed himself with unmistakable distinctness in regard to woman's sphere. A married woman's place was home, and there seemed to be no loop-holes in his creed for such a case as hers. And so the days wore on, the longing in this woman's heart to do the work God gave her to do growing more and more dominant and unbearable.

The minister who had preached this unsatisfactory sermon on duty, and his wife, were personal friends of the Gages, and a couple of weeks later came to dine at their house. On this very day Mrs. Gage had received a formal offer at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, to take charge of the English department in her old school, and a very flattering and enthusiastic letter entreating her to take time to consider the matter which to them was very serious.

It is said that most women are inspired in crises. Mrs. Gage proved to be no exception to this rule. After dessert had been brought on, she dismissed the servant, and informed the little party that she had a matter of business to lay before them. Her husband looked at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and wondered what in the world had come over her.

"A fortnight ago, Mr. Carleton," she said, addressing the minister, "I heard you preach a sermon on duty. You said that the occasions were very rare when an intelligent and conscientious person could be in doubt concerning his duty. I disagreed with this statement, for I considered myself intelligent, and knew myself to be conscientious, and yet I was in very great doubt and perplexity in regard to my present duty."

"You—Marion?" said Mr. Gage in great surprise.

"Yes, even I, a happy bride, and wife of the best man in the world," the lady replied. "And now I want to make a clean breast of the whole matter. In the first place, I wish to say that I have come to the conclusion that I have no more right to follow my talent in a napkin than any one else, and that the fact of my marriage does not absolve me from its use and development."

"You cannot mean your teaching talent," said Mr. Gage quickly. "Why, what would become of our home, and our home life?"

"I have but one talent," his wife replied, "and I find I am mistaken in supposing that I could make it subordinate to housekeeping and the domestic life in which most women engage. It has come now to be a question of conscience, and

as such I dare not ignore it. Allow me, please, to read you this letter." And when she had finished: "Be kind enough not to give any opinion until I have said my say. I think it is my duty to accept this offer. I shall only have to be absent from my home six hours daily five times a week. We have an excellent servant, and our house need not suffer. I shall return three hours earlier than my husband, and shall be able to make him quite as comfortable—and I frankly believe more so—than if I gave up all the hours to accomplish this. Besides the use and development of the talent which I know I possess, there is still another point worthy of special consideration. It is this: Have I any right to refuse to earn fifteen hundred dollars a year? So long as I know that I can earn this amount with ease, and be happier for so doing, I am convinced that neither prejudice, nor false notions about a woman's sphere, nor husbandly pride, should be allowed to have any weight. You see, Mr. Carleton, when I heard you state the subject of your sermon that day, I hoped that you would not do like all the rest—paint duty entirely in black. I think it is quite as often our duty to do what is pleasant to us, because logically in the line of our aptitude, as what is unpleasant and contrary to our natures. Now I have finished."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Gage, that you have certainly provided me with a text for another sermon," Mr. Carleton remarked appreciatively.

"And what have I provided you with, William?" Mrs. Gage inquired of her husband. "You need not hesitate to tell me," she added, "for if you object to my teaching, I shall be happier for having at least found the courage to put my conviction into words."

"I have but one fault to find, Mar- ton," her husband responded, "and that is, that you didn't get your courage up sooner. Knowing how fond you were of teaching, I have often wondered if you did not look back to your school with regret."

"And now, William Gage, you don't mean to tell me that I have had all this trouble for nothing?"

"Every bit of it."

"But what did you just say about our home?"

"I didn't quite see how it was going to be managed," the gentleman replied, "but a logical setting forth of facts is all that a logical man requires, my dear. A man who would put a straw in the way of the accomplishment of such a purpose, does not deserve a wife."

"The addition of fifteen hundred dollars a year to a man's income is not to be disregarded, eh, Mr. Gage?" said Mrs. Carleton archly.

And so this affair was amicably settled, and the reinstated teacher went on her way rejoicing. There was no jar or hitch in domestic matters, and the enthusiasm which was the natural result of congenial employment shed an added grace and lustre on all the relations of life.

### THE LOVE OF GOD.

Glad in the sunshine,  
All things lift their voices  
To the giver of good;  
And the whole world rejoices  
Because of the love  
Of the Father above.

Hearts sad with sorrow,  
And hands that are weary,  
Grow restful in God,  
And are hopeful and cheery;  
For His love will last,  
When all else shall be past.

Oh, wonderful kindness!  
This instant never,  
And does not grow tired,  
But endures all forever;  
For His love is so strong,  
No love lasts so long.

Who knows His forgiveness  
Will evermore tender  
Attribute of praise;  
For His love is so tender  
That words fail to show  
What our grateful hearts know.

Then let all His children  
Rejoice without measure;  
The great love of God  
Is our source and treasure;  
Since He holds us dear,  
What is there to fear?

Marianne Farnham.

### A VISIT TO A NONAGENARIAN.

BY C.

A short time since, we had the privilege of visiting, in the town of Blandford, Mass., a well-known aged Christian—Gordon Rowley, better known in all that region round as Father Rowley.

As we called at the home of his son with whom he resides, we inquired for the old gentleman, and were informed that he was lying down, he having but just come in from work in the garden. Taking a seat in the well-kept home, we waited a few moments, when the door opened and Father Rowley entered. At once we rose, extended our hand and gave him our name, which he immediately recognized, though more than five years had passed since we last met.

After inquiries as to his health, we gathered from him a few facts as to his past life. He was born at Wintourbury, Ct., Aug. 13, 1792, and lived in his father's family until he was twenty-one years of age. Then leaving, he found his way to the town of Blandford, and secured work of a Methodist local preacher by the name of Father Dayton. This man was the first Methodist that young Rowley ever saw. At once the family became interested in him, talked with him about Christ, and prayed for him, and he frequently accompanied his employer to the meetings held in school-houses or in dwelling houses in the vicinity.

The interest manifested met with no rebuff by the young man, for he had been religiously brought up, and the free salvation preached by Father Dayton became very attractive, and he resolved that he would seek Christ and know for himself His power to save. It was in the latter part of the year 1813, a short time after he had entered the employ of Father Dayton, that this resolution was formed, and going one morning into the shop near the house, he purposed not to leave it until he had the witness in himself that he was saved. He says, "I knelt by a bench and continued in prayer

until God for Christ's sake forgave my sins, and gave me the witness of the Spirit to my acceptance. I then sprang to my feet and shouted, 'Praise the Lord!' and went right into the house and told the family I had found the Lord."

At once Bro. Rowley began to tell us the meetings that the Lord had done for him. In a short time he received an exhorter's license, and held meetings throughout all that section. He was one of the original five who organized the Blandford Church. This church was organized at the home of Father Dayton, and after organization they were considered a part of the circuit and had regular preaching.

In 1818 Bro. Rowley was married to Miss Salome Cannon, a young woman who had been converted at one of his meetings, and with whom he lived nine years. Two daughters were the result of this marriage, one of whom is still living—the wife of one of the leading men of the town, and one of the principal supporters of the Blandford Church.

In 1829 he was again married, this time to the daughter of Rev. Father Culver, an itinerant Methodist preacher. With her he lived more than forty years, she dying in 1870. Two children were added to the family by this marriage—a son and a daughter, both much respected in the community where they reside.

Father Rowley speaks interestingly of the early quarterly meetings, that they were seasons of great spiritual power. He refers to the opposition he met with, both from ministers and laymen, in his giving testimony to his personal knowledge of Christ. He says there are two things he never felt out with—religion and work. His prospect for the future is bright, and though ninety-two years of age, he has strength to do a little work every day. Father Rowley is of medium height, of spare habit, of cheerful disposition, and retains the use of all his faculties to a remarkable degree.

### RISEN.

BY H. N. A. B.

There's a sorrow that burdens the morning,  
O'er shadows the pathway at noon,  
Stretching on to the darkness of evening;  
To sleep, and forget, is a boon.

Such shadows, such sorrow are meeting  
In many an earth-home to-day,  
For outward, across its threshold,  
Death's borne the beloved away.

And has left in their stead a stillness—  
A stillness that hath in it pain;  
A casket of memories precious,  
A longing to clasp them again.

'Tis well in this hour of our sorrow,  
To listen as seekers of God,  
To the words from the lips of the angel;  
'He's risen, and they shall not die.'

This message holds promise most golden,  
It arches the parting "good-by";  
Like halo the head of the Master,  
'He's risen, and they shall not die.'

So back from our watch by the river  
We'll turn to life's highway once more,  
To find the work we have known,  
They'll welcome us home when it's o'er.

Wilbraham, Mass.

### The Little Folks.

#### A STITCH IN TIME.

"It takes all my time to run after that child and pick up her things," said Mrs. Ansel.

Her face was flushed, and she hung up the broad-brimmed hat with a weary air, then returning to her seat by the window, she stumbled and almost fell over a book-bag which had been thrown carelessly upon the floor. She sighed more wearily than before, and put it upon the hall table where it belonged.

"I should cure her of such disorder," said Aunt Hetty, who was a look-see.

"Oh, I wish you would," answered Mrs. Ansel, "but you would have to change her whole nature to cure her of carelessness and disorder. I am afraid you will give up in despair."

"I shall not give up, until I have tried thoroughly, and you must promise to pick up no more of her belongings nor help her in any way," said Aunt Hetty.

Mrs. Ansel promised.

The next moment Nellie danced into the room. She was as pretty as the princesses in the fairy books. She had golden curls and brown eyes and a dimple in each pink cheek. What was the reason that Aunt Hetty scowled at this pretty creature?

The ruffle of her dress was dragging along the floor after her dancing feet, and she called impatiently:

"Mamma, where is my hat? It's all most time for school."

"I hung it up," answered mamma; and then, in spite of Aunt Hetty's warning look, added, "Wait a moment and mend your dress, dear. Here is a needle and thread."

"Oh bother! a pin will do as well," and she stooped and pinned the torn ruffle in its place.

As she reached the school-house, Nellie was surrounded by merry companions, for she was a general favorite with schoolmates and teachers.

In answer to the ringing of the bell there was a wild scamper of feet for the door.

"The first in is the best!" shouted Nellie, and in the scramble that followed herself beat by gaining the door first, had not Agnes Moore caught at her flying figure and torn the ruffle from its frail fastenings; then, as it hung like a loop, she caught her foot in it and both girls came down "crash!" upon the steps. They were not hurt, but they lost in the race.

In the moment before the ringing of the second bell, Nellie was going anxiously from one girl to another, questioning, "Have you a pin? Do somebody give me a pin. I am a perfect object with my skirt ruffle dragging in this way."

This was Doctor Barrows, the "Angel Committee Man," as little Dora Wilder had named him. He never asked them any hard questions or found any fault, but would listen to a song and reading, and before going would tell a story, and often had a book or present of some kind to be given to the best scholar.

He looked around with a delighted face.

"Well, Miss Lewis, 'tis refreshing to come in here. It is like stepping into a beautiful flower garden, only all these lilies and roses and pinks and pansies can think and talk and sing as well as be beautiful."

And he sat down and beamed upon them all.

I am afraid some of the "flowers" giggled at this, but Miss Lewis looked at them and they were sober.

"Will you hear the arithmetic class?" asked the teacher.

"I think not, to-day," answered the doctor. "I came in mostly to hear a little singing. Some of the committee are saying there is no need of paying for singing in the schools, and want to discharge Professor Long. I object to this, and I want to hear what he has taught them."

Miss Lewis smiled assent, and turning to Nellie Ansel, who played the piano accompaniment, nodded, saying:—

"Nellie, please play the accompaniment. The school will sing 'A Swallow's Flight.'"

Nellie half rose from her seat, then sank back with a look of anguish. What a figure she would be walking across that long platform with the torn ruffle trailing behind her! Miss Lewis had often noticed the mischief, and only a few days before had talked to her seriously. She knew the scholars would all laugh to see her trailing robe, so she muttered, "Plea—excuse me."

Miss Lewis looked surprised, then angry.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered Nellie.

"Then come and play the accompaniment immediately," said the teacher; but Nellie did not stir.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "young folks will have their freaks. Maybe some other little girl will play."

And then Miss Lewis turned to Kittle Gray, and Kittle sprang eagerly forward, saying:

"I can't play very well, but I will do the best I can," and she did do her best, but alas! her best was very poor.

"The Swallow's Flight" was now fast, now slow, and then would stop entirely and think an instant while poor little Kittle was clumsily turning her music or trying to find the right chord.

At last the song was ended. Kittle was flushed and out of breath, and Miss Lewis thanked her and said she might take her seat now, and the singing could proceed without the piano.

Half a dozen songs followed, but without the usual piano accompaniment the singing lost half its beauty, for Nellie played remarkably well.

At the close of the singing the doctor thanked them kindly, saying, "Very nice! very nice!" but there was no enthusiasm in his manner. As he arose to go, he unfolded a paper parcel which he had been holding on his knee.

"I came in at the gate," he said, "I met an Indian girl with a load of baskets woven of sweet-scented grass. I bought this one, thinking I would give it to the best scholar, but I am more pleased by the obliging kindness of the little maid who tried so hard to give pleasure by playing for us. Forgetting herself and her imperfections, she bravely did the best she could."

"Kittle Gray," Miss Lewis said, holding the basket towards her, and Kittle tripped up the aisle, and with a rosy, delighted face took the dainty canoeshaped basket in her hands.

And Nellie hid her face upon her desk and thought, "Oh, if I had only taken a stitch in time!"

An hour longer of school and then she hurried home. Aunt Hetty was waiting for her, sternly resolved to hide her hat, book-bag, and in fact everything not instantly put in place, and to insist upon her mending the torn dress. But the hat was hung up neatly, the book-bag placed on the table, and Nellie sat down by the window and carefully



## Farm and Garden.

## HINTS ABOUT WORK.

(from the American Agriculturist for September.)

**Orchard and Fruit Garden.**  
Gathering and marketing will be an important work. Good fruit, neatly and honestly packed, will always bring good prices in seasons when poor fruit will not pay its freight. — Pick all pears before they become mellow. — The longer the pears will be in reaching the consumer, the harder should they be when picked. Small local markets often pay better prices than those of large cities. — Budding of peaches and pears on quince stocks, should be completed. See that the trees are cut in season. — Stones of peaches and plums, if in small lots, may be kept in boxes of sand in a cool cellar. — Cut away blackberry canes as soon as the fruit is picked; do not allow new canes to grow higher than six feet. — Strawberry plants layered in pots may still be planted. Keep the runners from new beds unless more plants are wanted. — Grapes should be packed according to the customs of the market to which they are sent. Small fancy paper boxes, and baskets holding ten or twenty pounds, are now popular.

## Market and Kitchen Garden.

In preparing vegetables for the market observe the preferences of the place where they are to be sold. Wash all roots; better feed them out at home than send to a city market unwashed. — Sow early cabbages, cauliflowers and lettuce, for plants to winter in cold frames. In most places lettuce plants will keep without glass if covered with leaves. Sow spinach, kale, usually called sprouts, winter radishes, corn salad, and flat turnips. Cut cabbages for pickles when of the desired size, every other day, always with a stem. — Late tomato blossoms cannot now produce fruit that will ripen; cut them away. — As soon as a crop is off, gather the refuse for pig or cow, and prepare the land at once for some winter crop.

## Greenhouse and Window Plants.

The houses and heaters should be ready for immediate occupation. — Plants to be taken up from the borders for winter blooming should now be potted, cutting back both top and roots. — Pot those plants that have been in pots all summer. — See that pots and plants are clean when taken up. Sow annuals, winter bloom, pot bulbs, and make cuttings of geraniums, etc.

## Prepare for the Fairs.

Go to your fair, whether it be the State fair, or that of the county, and by all means exhibit something. It will be safe for those who propose to exhibit fruits and vegetables at the coming fairs, to assume that no provision will be made for them, and to prepare beforehand. Common store boxes, such as may be had at a very small cost, can each be converted into two or three trays or flats. These, however rough they may be, by lining with cheap white paper, will serve for the display of fruits. If lined merely with moss or freshly cut grass, they will serve for showing vegetables. If the premium schedule calls for a bushel of half bushel of potatoes or of apples, etc., these may be exhibited in receptacles made by cutting a half-barrel in two, and lining each tub thus made with white paper. Help decorate the "Floral Hall," the place in which the products of the garden are usually shown. Young evergreens are always welcome. Such trees, taken up from pastures or the edges of the woods, and set in nail-kicks with soil, will last as long as may be required, and greatly add to the general effect of the display of vegetables.

## A REMARKABLE PAPER—AND FACT.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

Before me lies a paper published in the city of Providence containing the local news of the hour, in which is a notice of the funeral of a wholesale liquor dealer in the city of Providence, having his residence in the suburban village of Olneyville.

The description of the funeral "tributes" is very minute, showing that, by the clerks in his employ, the partner in his business, the family, and others, he was held in very high esteem.

This is not strange. But I read further: "There were ninety-five hacks and carriages at least, and the streets were crowded, notwithstanding the rain, while the stores of the business men of Olneyville were closed out of respect to the man who, as a business man, had through a long struggle achieved a prominent position among them. . . . The grand antiphony of St. Mary's Church was thronged to its utmost capacity, nearly all the business men of Olneyville, many from the city, Pawtucket and other places, besides many hundreds of others, being present."

Four priests celebrated "high requiem mass," and then the parish priest gave a funeral address. In this he called attention to the tender family relations that had been so ruthlessly severed, and testified to his virtues in that circle, passing from thence to a wider range as follows: "He was a loyal and upright Catholic and citizen, and would be missed from his place in church; he was ready and generous open hand would be missed." He also bore testimony to "his charities to the poor, to the widow, the orphan, the aged and the friendless." He was declared to be a lover of his country and his native land.

The reverend father emphatically declared that he has "always found him a wise and honest counselor. . . . The church would remember him long with holy sacrifices." From the poetical selection which followed we quote that which was applied to him:—

"His faith was as the tested gold,  
His hope assured, not over-bold,  
His charity pure, untold,  
Miserere Domine."

The hymns sung were, "Angels ever bright and fair," "The Three Calls," and "Rest, Spirit, Rest."

Does the reader say, "What of it?" We have simply to say that it is an endorsement of the character, the churchly character, of a man whose business life had inevitably involved the ruin of the bodies and souls of men; a trade which the Christian world brands as immoral, unwholy and unchristian; that never did, or can, make the community better. It

is a statement of ethics on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, viz.: that a man can be everything that constitutes a Christian while carrying on a raid against humanity. Alms and contributions to the church have made him a saint in spite of his terrible business!

It is a fact deplored by all lovers of humanity, whose eyes are open, that a large proportion of the liquor trade in this country is in the hands of communicants in the Roman Catholic Church. That it is sanctioned by that professedly Christian Church, does not admit of a doubt. That there are individuals in the fellowship of that church who are exceptions to this statement, we gladly aver; but the church authorities do not condemn the business unless it is in the hands of some miscreant too wicked to be tolerated among men.

This is a hard statement; but facts demand that the truth should be told. This "gigantic crime of crimes" should not be protected by any branch of the professedly Christian Church without a vigorous protest. To such a misrepresentation of Christianity I most emphatically demur. Whatever else can be said of the liquor trade, no one can deny that it is to-day one of the greatest, if not the greatest and most powerful, enemy to the home and the church of Jesus Christ. It must be destroyed. The enemies of God will never do it. The vital forces of a true Christianity are the reliable power in this contest. "He that is not for Me is against Me," applies to this question.

## RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

BY HENRY A. RILEY, ESQ.

The interesting question of the efficacy of the jury system in securing justice between litigants is being discussed with considerable animation, and the number of persons who favor trials before judges instead of juries seems to be increasing. A large number of cases are now uniformly heard and decided by judges without the intervention of juries, and except in criminal cases the opinion appears to be that the procedure is simpler, less expensive, and more likely to secure justice. In England, where law reforms in general move very slowly, there has been in recent years a very decided advance, and one of the most important changes has been in this direction of lessening the number of actions which must be tried before juries. In an address recently made at Bath by the president of the Incorporated Law Society, he said: "Already the profession has had a considerable experience in trying before a single judge what were formerly jury cases, and there can be little doubt but that the result has been so satisfactory that in the future, in the great mass of cases, the time-honored institution of trial by jury will be the exception, and not the rule."

The courts seem to be unanimous in holding that drunkenness is no excuse for crime, and an Illinois court has just restated the rule with great distinctness, as follows: "Voluntary intoxication furnishes no excuse for crime committed under its influence, even if it is so extreme as to make the author of it unconscious of what he is doing, or to create a temporary insanity."

The old system of apprenticeship has still a hold in some quarters, but it will be somewhat of a surprise to many persons to learn that it is allowable for a master to arrest his apprentice for neglect of his work and have him shut up in jail. This is true, at least in Pennsylvania, and in a recent case in Philadelphia exactly this was done. The judge, in deciding that the old laws on the subject were still in force, took occasion to express his regret that apprenticeship with its careful learning of a trade was fast dying out. It was, however, stated that the imprisonment would be only nominal, to show that an apprentice had some duties which he must perform, and twenty-four hours was the extent of the sentence. The sentiment of the general public will no doubt be that the right to arrest an employee is a dangerous one to entrust to employers, and that the power to summarily discharge a workman for neglect of duty is all that can reasonably be allowed.

The English people are great strikers for their legal rights, and will frequently bring suits to maintain them, when the pecuniary interests involved are small. The smallest case on record, however, is probably the one of a Scotchman suing a railroad company for a halfpenny. He ought to have succeeded in his suit, if the facts are correctly reported.

They show that he took the train on which he was entitled to travel by his commutation ticket, and continued in the train to a station beyond that to which he was entitled to ride. The fare from the terminus of his ticket route to the place which he thus reached was one penny halfpenny. The fare from the place at which he took the train to the place which he thus reached was two pence. He offered to pay the two pence; and he now sued to recover back the halfpenny. The magistrate was of opinion that by not leaving the train at the terminus of his ticket, but going on to leave it at another point, he broke his contract and forfeited his right as to that trip under the ticket, and entitled the company to charge him as if he were starting from the point where he took the train and without a ticket.

A curious case came up not long since in Illinois between a street railroad company and a house-mover. The latter wished to move his residence from one site to another on a street where there was a horse railroad, and the question was, which had the better right to the thoroughfare. The battle seems to have been a drawn one, for the court decided that the road might have a claim for damages in obstructing their tracks, but that no injunction was asked for by the railroad company to prevent the moving, could be granted. The damage would not be

irreparable; which was the apparent ground alleged for the injunction, and the judge was of the opinion that the man would not probably want to move many houses.

## Obituaries.

Passed from eighty-eight years of life's mortal conflict to the life unending, early Monday morning, Aug. 11, Mrs. RUTH FISK, widow of Rev. Wilbur Fisk, first president of Wesleyan University, Middletown.

Forty years of earth's stern, unsympathetic discipline had prepared her and us to expect this event; yet, who are mortal, are pained when we consider the possibility that we may live on until no loving hand shall call our own when the chill of the dread message comes to us, no precious eye look into ours as earth dawns to our vision, no sweet kiss rest upon our brow as the shadow of the dark angel comes between the mortal and the immortal. Mrs. Fisk was a Providence, R. I., lady; her early life was spent under entirely favorable circumstances; she was a church-woman, and the services of the church were ever precious familiar to her, but from the time of her marriage, she was strictly observant of all the obligations to the sect to which her husband belonged. At that time the manner and costume of a Methodist was as noticeable as to-day it is conspicuous for outward adornment. Her husband was a pious and industrious man, but she had not a false sense of self; she possessed an unusually clear intelligence. As the years multiplied, and weakness came in place of strength, with defective vision, and service of daily domestic routine in her lone and isolated position, we ever found her interesting and familiar with the current topics of the age, ever considerate of the well-being of her friends and acquaintances. Her preferences were clearly defined; so, also, were her principles. This may seem an old-fashioned element of character, but, as the Master declared, "He that is not for Me, is against Me," we prefer rather to encourage than to censure the trait. Mrs. Fisk had repeated offers of marriage, where she might have entered a home of fine appointment, "but," said she to us, "I had rather be the poor lone widow of such a man as my husband than the petted wife of a millionaire."

If she had faults, surely they were not of them. We have listened, sitting by her side, from sunset until near midnight, repeatedly, as she rehearsed the virtues of her husband, his life, his memory; his proven influence and affection were dear to her. Often she remarked, "Why was he spared to live on, while he, if spared, could have accomplished so much for educational advancement and intellectual spirituality?"

Sufficient has been said of the objectionable points of Mrs. Fisk's character. We are pleased to the truth, and we are glad that those who have known her best have said and felt, that she was a remarkable woman. In her deepest depression, her most morbid moods, her heaviest despair, her faith in God the Father Almighty never wavered; her reverence for the Church of Christ was ever firm and true. Nothing grieved her more than to know that those who professed a Christian faith had been overcome of evil. She was ever interested in the welfare of the University, and as the dream of Dr. Fisk's life in Western One of the saddest experiences of her later years was, that she had outlived her friends; many tried and trusted, weighed in the balance and never found to fail, had gone before, and the way seemed very dark at times. It has been said that Mrs. Fisk's lone life was one of choice; this we are prepared to deny. But as the weakness we inherit cloys every human spirit, as there comes to each a call in the histories of all, so time and change may and will verify what we assert. Even our blessed Master, when He was exceedingly sorrowful, withdrew from even those faithful to Him. They could sleep and take their rest, but He, with a divine nature to sustain Him, was sorrowful and very heavy. It is a fearful sad thing to find ourselves alone in this world, and but a human nature to endure our sorrow. Christianity cannot lessen our sorrow, it can only help us bear it and live on; and as the Savior in His anguish prayed for the Father alone, so earth's most crushing sorrows fold intrusion. It is certain evidence of weakness when one shrinks from being alone. While we fully appreciate and enjoy all social intercourse, yet we have come to know that it is well to come face to face with our own souls, and in the light of God's countenance examine our own hearts. Mrs. Fisk's early associations were possibly exclusive but among the better families, and as long as strength allowed her the reciprocal and enjoyed society, and even in her loneliness she remembered every attention shown her. No lady has more properly or gracefully filled the position she held in society than Mrs. Fisk.

But her feet were weary, and her hands were tired, Her soul oppressed,  
And with strong yearning she had long desired,  
Rest—only rest.

The burden of her days was hard to bear,  
But God knew best,  
And she had prayed, and heard has been her prayer,  
She rests—sweet rest.

Died, suddenly, in Watertown, Mass., Mrs. ELLA J. PORTER, wife of Mr. Lewis B. Porter, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Porter was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stocking, of Hyde Park, and was universally beloved in the home of her childhood. The local papers have borne uniform testimony to the strength and beauty of her character. But it is with reference to her Christian life that we desire to speak. At an early age she signified her determination to unite with the church, and on Aug. 22, 1874, just ten years prior to her death, she was received as a member of the M. E. Church in Hyde Park. Though but fifteen years of age, she at once developed a Christian character remarkable for its maturity. She took a prominent interest in the advancement and progress of the church, and seemed to find her highest enjoyment in its ordinances, rarely being absent from the religious exercises, and contributing cheerfully to its social life. Being an accomplished musician and reader, she was a constant church entertainment always found in her efficient and willing assistance in the discharge of her duties. The religious principle of her life was the foundation of that cheerfulness that made her daily life of the most bright and joyous character. No combination of apparently unfortunate circumstances could quench her faith in the goodness and love of God. After her religious conversion she was never known to repine or unduly lament.

Less than a year ago, she married Mr. Lewis B. Porter, of Watertown, and at once made an attractive home for her husband and friends. Only words of praise are heard from all who met her in Watertown, and were at once attracted by her dignity and sweetness. But at the height of her happiness and dawning usefulness in the church of her adoption, she was summoned to come up higher, and on the morning of Aug. 24 suddenly passed from earth to heaven. While her husband and

family are most severely bereaved, and the church has lost a bright and loyal disciple, we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but have the assurance that she is with Christ; and those whom she so dearly loved here, "in a little while" shall meet her where there shall be no more parting.

RICHARD L. WILSON, son of the late Rev. Otis R. and Catherine Wilson, was born in Abbot, Me., August 31, 1863, and died in Abbot, Me., May 18, 1884.

Three years previous to his death he suffered the religion of the Lord Jesus, and lived a consistent Christian life. He was sick for nearly a year with consumption, during which time he was in the home of a friend of the family and tenderly cared for. As he commenced rapidly to fail, his sister (of Boston), who has followed him was taken with hemorrhage and in a few moments passed away. The sister and little brother left are lonely, for father, mother, and brother are away from them; yet their hearts are comforted with the trust that these loved ones are with the Lord, and unto them they can go when they have acted well their part here on earth. We bespeak the sympathy and prayers of the church for these afflicted ones.

C. E. LIBBY.

Mrs. SARAH L. LANGLEY, wife of Calvin H. Langley, and daughter of the late John Mitchell, of West Newfield, Me., died of paralysis, June 5, 1884, aged 59 years.

At the age of twenty-two she was stricken down by disease of the hip, from which she never recovered. In the early stages of this disease she was entirely confined to her bed, suffering beyond language to describe. As the years passed away, she gradually improved in health, and was able to be placed in a chair and carefully moved from one apartment of the house to the other; and still later in life, was able to ride in an easy carriage, and occasionally visit her intimate friends. Though unable to walk, and at no time free from pain, she accomplished a marvelous amount of work for her family. Shut in from the outer world and cut off from its sources of delight, she turned to the Christian God, and in His love she found a constant source of comfort and joy. Her adoption into the Divine family, and ever after maintained a firm trust, not only in Christ's righteousness, but in that gracious Providence "around which hang clouds and darkness."

Her piety was not of the demonstrative type, but of that deep, pervasive mould that impresses itself as the deep springs of the inner life, having its root in the Divine bosom and its growth in the midst of sufferings that mature and form a strong Christian character. Her room, in which she was almost constantly confined, was gloomy and cold, but her vision, the sunshine of heaven was there, and could be discovered in the cheerful face of the invalid dweller. She had behind her not only a history of a life-battle with bodily disease, but a proof of the power of grace to lift the soul, not only into the state of patient waiting for its release to come, but rejoicing in hope of the glory that shall be revealed when the Master shall appear. "Blessed" are such, saith the Word, for they "die in the Lord."

A lonely husband, twice bereft, is left to mourn a little while on earth, then we trust to meet the two sister companions in heaven.

J. M.

Departed this life at Hanover Centre, N. H., May 15, 1884, of cancer in the stomach, Mrs. MARY D. FITTS, wife of Richard Fitts, aged 66 years.

She leaves a husband and two sons and many friends to mourn her departure, but gave good evidence that her loss is her inheritance. She has been a member of the M. E. Church nearly fifty years, and well maintained a Christian life. She was a faithful wife, an indulgent mother, and a kind neighbor, ever ready, so far as health would permit, to lend a helping hand to all in need. None knew her but to love her. Her work is well done, the cross is laid down, and after weeks of intense physical suffering, during which she exhibited a Christian resignation, she has gone to greet on the heavenly shore a darling boy who passed on many years ago, a dear aged mother who departed but a few months since, and many loved ones, to join in the wondrous song of unceasing praise to the world's Redeemer.

G. W. R.

Mrs. WINNETTE E. PAINE, wife of Jedediah T. Paine, died in Newton, Mass., March 27, 1884.

She was converted in Truro, Mass., in 1842, under the labors of Rev. Reuben Bowen, and united with the M. E. Church in that place, where she remained a member till transferred to Newton about seventeen years ago. She and her husband were among the original members of the latter church. Sister Paine was a consistent Christian, a devoted wife, and an affectionate mother. She was of a very quiet and retiring disposition, unassuming in every respect. She was beloved by all who knew her in her earlier life at Truro, and endeared herself to the church at Newton. An attentive and appreciative listener in the house of God, her excellent memory enabled her to retain and repeat with accuracy what she heard. She was truly loyal to the church of her early choice, and loved the sanctuary and its privileges. She was a great sufferer from a mysterious disease for several months before her death, but bore her affliction patiently, and though unable to express her emotions in the latter part of her sickness, left the assurance to all who knew her life that she died well. Her aged parents, husband and son have passed under a cloud of sorrow, but it is relieved by the expectation of a blessed reunion.

J. B. GOULD.

JAMES CHUTE, 24, was born in Naples, Me., August 30, 1817, and departed this life, June 12, 1884, in Casco, Me.

It may be truthfully said that "he was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost"—a true, substantial Methodist of the Wesley kind in doctrine, experience, practice and testimony. He heartily loved the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for forty years was a beloved and valued member, occupying official relation most of the time. He is a great loss to the society at Naples. He was a kind and tender husband, a good father and valued citizen, which was proved by the great sympathy manifested and the large concourse of people at the funeral. He was a great lover of Zion's Herald, and took it for forty years. He was also a true antislavery man, when it cost something, and always a strong advocate of temperance. His well-earned home was a resting place for the ministry, and such were cordially greeted and highly entertained. He loved camp-meeting worship, and will be greatly missed at East Poland camp-meeting, where he labored and worshipped with Zion's children for so many years with fidelity and joy, and was acknowledged to be a great factor in making that meeting a grand success. He has gone, passing away in great peace and victory, after a long time of extreme bodily suffering. May God sustain the bereaved and sorrowing widow, children and relatives, and through sovereign grace prepare them to meet in that house not made with hands eternal life.

and in the heavens. His body was laid away in the grave by his devoted Masonic brethren, in hope of a blessed immortality. Rev. A. B. Lovell, a long-loved friend of the deceased, assisted the pastor in the funeral services.

J. G.

LUTHER JACOBS passed on to join the church triumphant, June 18, 1884. He died in East Thompson, Ct., aged 41 years.

Having passed from death into life in Webster, Mass., he was united with the M. E. Church eighteen years ago, and for many years held his place in the ranks of the sacramental host. His consistent piety and sound judgment led his brethren to call him to positions of responsibility, the duties of which he discharged with promptness and fidelity. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible through years of suffering, and though the charity was so long delayed, no murmur escaped his lips. For the sake of dear ones he was willing to stay and suffer, but for him it was far better to depart and be with Christ. Those who saw his radiant smile as he drew near the shore, and heard his words of bold triumph, will catch inspiration from the same, till they join him beyond the sighing and the weeping.

F. A. CRAFTS.

Died, at Milford, Mass., July 22, 1884, WILLIAM G. HOLMES.

Bro. Holmes, though very quiet and retiring, was a man of very strong convictions; therefore we find that he was an abolitionist in the days when that cause was not popular. Bro. Holmes was one of the original Methodists of Milford. He and his wife were in the congregation of seven which gathered in a hall to meet their first pastor, Bro. H. E. Hempstead. He continued a faithful, consistent member to the end. He was a good man, honored and beloved by neighbors and townsmen. His last sickness was very painful and hard to bear, but he kept his faith and hope in Jesus his Saviour. He leaves a widow and two sons. Next September he and his companion were expecting to celebrate their golden wedding; but he has gone. May God bless the widow and sons!

F. NICHOLS.

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